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THE NEW

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE new Czech proposals have already been described as inadequate in the German press. There is reason to believe, however, that the more moderate Sudeten Germans, who realise that they will be the first victims in the event of war, are highly pleased at being offered something not far short of their Carlsbad demands "as a basis of negotiation." The discussion of these proposals began on Wednesday, but was broken off on the excuse of a trumped-up incident; it is still doubtful as we go to press whether these negotiations will be resumed. The deduction is that in any case the discussions and hesitations will be kept going until Monday. Since Henlein's last visit to Hitler the pretence that the discussions were really between Prague and the Sudeten Germans has been finally exploded. The decision lies with Hitler, and the world waits on his Monday's speech. If he does not accept these Czech proposals it will mean that he is insane enough to begin a world war when he has already won the substance of his demands. In the last resort there is no doubt that Britain as well as France and the whole democratic world would stand by the Czechs. It is tragic to think that doubt may still exist in Germany on this point. The partial French mobilisation, the attitude of the U.S.A., the hardening attitude of Poland and Jugoslavia, and the declaration of the British Labour Movement at Blackpool, should all have been additional warnings. Is it still possible that Hitler can even now persuade himself into the Kaiser's fatal error of 1914? The use made of the *Times* leader in the German press suggests that there is still a desperate anxiety in Germany to believe that England would stand aside at the last minute. Hitler may still bluff too far and find he cannot withdraw. A further personal warning to the Führer may still save the situation.

Bargaining with Hitler

Hitler is not given to bargains. His method is to state extreme and vaguely phrased demands and then to support them with every means of blackmail and bullying. On this occasion Henlein was his spokesman, and on the eight points laid down at Carlsbad no concession has yet been made either by Hitler or Henlein. Therefore, the method of mediation adopted by Lord Runciman and reluctantly accepted by the Czech Government was never likely to succeed. Experience in dealing with the Fascist Powers over Abyssinia and on the Non-Intervention Committee should have warned Britain that a mediator who enters the field without any clear definition in his own mind of the limits of compromise is bound, if he is dealing with a dictator, to be forced willy-nilly into con-

cessions which will in time amount to a surrender of the democratic cause. In our view the final proposals extracted from the Czechs very gravely impair the substance of Czech sovereignty. True, the central Government would maintain its own control of foreign policy, finance and the army. It would also maintain the State gendarmerie, though it would allow the Sudeten Germans their own local police and their own courts. This would mean, whatever the legal position, that the Sudeten Germans could create something in the nature of a Nazi state within democratic Czechoslovakia and would be able to start disorders whenever they felt inclined, with the practical impossibility of effective control by the Government. Already they boisterously announce a Nazi "Nuremberg" to be held at Aussig in a month's time. Such a congress would presumably proclaim its disloyalty to the Czech Government and give Hitler a further opportunity of pressing for the disruption of Czechoslovakia. History may yet recall the ludicrous tragedy that Germany started a world war to destroy the sovereignty of a State which had already been forced into offering to surrender the substance of its sovereignty. The rest of the world would fight to prevent Germany's hegemony in Europe. The war would no doubt do that. It would probably also end European civilisation.

Nazism and Capitalism

Herr Hitler must have enjoyed immensely the passage in his opening speech at Nuremberg in which, having asserted that the main economic difficulty of Germany is now the shortage of labour, he went on to say that "if this is interpreted as a welcome sign of economic weakness in the Third Reich, we can bear this weakness and leave the strength of unemployment to the democracies." A palpable hit against the demoplutocracies. They may reply by pointing to other disastrous weaknesses in the Reich, but they have no good answer to this particular "crack." If they say that, though Germany has mastered unemployment, Italy has not, the retort, true though it be, is unconvincing. If they say that any country can solve its unemployment problem by wasting its substance on riotous armament, they are left to explain why their own attempts to rearm have made hardly any impression on the volume of unemployment. The plain fact is that under Nazism the conditions which determine the volume of employment are not the same as under ordinary capitalism. *Autarkie* involves making things at high cost, and beating down wages in order to check the rise in costs where products have to be sold in the world market. But, as against this, it escapes the monstrous wastes of unemployment, because it refuses to allow the profit-seeking capitalist to determine the volume of production as he pleases. It is easy for a totalitarian State to reduce the standard of living and employ the unemployed in making arms; but this is not all the Nazis have done. They have also largely checked capitalist restriction of output and effectively controlled prices. If all questions of human values were left aside and the case argued in merely economic terms, and the only alternatives were Totalitarianism and capitalist "democracy" as we now know it, Totalitarianism could put up a good case. Totalitarian, however, within limits; for among the achievements which Herr Hitler boasted was an increase in German foreign trade!

Our Unemployed

Herr Hitler's point is driven home by the August figures of unemployment, which have been published this week. It is true that, in comparison with July, British unemployment has declined by nearly 14,000. But this change is seasonal, and of no real significance. What is significant is that the numbers without work are now more than 450,000 higher than a year ago, and that, despite the continued intensification of armament activity, the total of the workless is over one and three-quarter millions. The textile industries, seriously affected by the situation in the Far East and the rise of protected industries in Europe, account for well over one-quarter of the past year's increase. But, in spite of armaments, the metal industries contribute another quarter, and the coal industry has also registered a further decline. The distributive trades, until quite recently the chief absorbers of additional labour, seem now to have reached saturation point, and show an increase in unemployment over the past year. Building has also begun to decline, and seems certain to decline much faster before long. There is, in fact, no major occupation that promises, in the near future, to make any considerable demands for additional labour. Aircraft, and a few other forms of munition work, will doubtless continue for the time to expand; but, statistically, their contribution is unimportant. When the real recession comes, perhaps next year, the contrast between the failure of democratic capitalism to use the available workers and the success in this respect of both German Fascism and Russian Communism will become even more glaring. The moral is that Socialism has very little time to waste.

Mussolini and the Jews

With a single decree Mussolini has stepped into the front rank of racial legislators. Every Jew must leave Italy who was not resident there before 1919. He denies that this decree is prompted by any desire to imitate the Nazis, and it is not difficult to find good Italian reasons for regarding a campaign against the Jews as useful to Mussolini's imperialism. Ever since his notorious exhibition in Libya the Duce has been manoeuvring for the support of the Mohammedan world. The discontented Arab population of the North African coast and of Trans-Jordania and Syria are already anti-Semitic, and Italian anti-Semitism, it is hoped, will be evidence to them of Italy's capacity to lead them against their colonial oppressors. Mussolini's part in encouraging Arab nationalism in Palestine is notorious, and the new decree is both an extension of that activity and a warning of its significance to France and Britain. At the very least, in the event of war between the Western Powers and Germany the threat of Arab discontent will raise the price of Italy's neutrality; or alternatively, if Mussolini sides with Hitler, he can rouse them to open insurrection. A second motive is to be found in the economic situation of Italy itself. With the excitement of the Abyssinian conquest over, and the increasing doubts about the war in Spain, the price is now being paid in increased taxation, while loyal Fascists are seriously troubled by the rebuff in Austria. Once more the Jews are being made the scapegoats for the mistakes of their rulers, and it is a strange turn of events that their only champion in Italy is the Pope.

Spain

The Spanish Republic fights on. The army on the Ebro has had to endure more than the usual battering from the air and from heavy artillery, but though the rebels claim to have recovered important positions, the main lines are still strongly held, and the bridges across the river remain intact. In Estremadura, on the other hand, the Republicans are still counter-attacking and advancing. General Franco has stated for publication that he is opposed to mediation, and there can be little doubt that, with attention concentrated in Central Europe, Franco believes that he will continue to receive unlimited help from Mussolini, who is given a free hand in Spain mainly because the Western Powers hope to buy his neutrality in the Czech crisis and in the event of war. The Government attitude towards mediation was suggested by the Prime Minister's recent hint that Spaniards would find a way to agreement among themselves, and Indalecio Prieto, former War Minister of the Republican Government, declared in Barcelona late last month that Republicans and Monarchists would have to participate together in the post-war reconstruction of his unhappy country. What obstructs any agreement among Spaniards is the presence of foreign invaders, and until these are withdrawn there is no hope of a peaceful arrangement between the two sides. The Republicans could not negotiate with Franco because he is merely a façade for Hitler and Mussolini, who seeks to dominate Spain, and Franco rejects mediation for the same reason. On present indications the conflict in Spain will continue until all Spaniards unite to expel the invader. There are some signs that patriotic Spaniards in the rebel zone are beginning to share this view with the Republicans.

The T.U.C.

The Trades Union Congress has been able this year to record a larger increase in membership than at any time since the disastrous years following the General Strike. Membership has risen in most of the groups represented at Congress, and most rapidly of all among women, who now form, despite the decline of employment in the textile trades, a larger proportion of all Trade Unionists than ever before. The most encouraging achievement of the past year is the rapid development of organisation in the distributive trades and the success of the Shop Assistants' Union in securing collective bargains with an increasing number of the combines representing the bigger firms. But, despite these advances, Trade Unionism as a whole is not in a strong position. It has made very little impression on the problem of enrolling the workers in the newer mass-production industries; and even in the older industries the Unions catering for less skilled workers are still relatively weak. Nor can it be overlooked that the boom of 1937 has been allowed to pass without any effective move either to reduce hours of work or to secure guaranteed minimum rates for the many miscellaneous trades in which wages are still, for the majority of those employed, a long way below the poverty line—and quite often below the allowances which the U.A.B. feels compelled to make under the Means Test. Trade Unionism, in fact, is still more occupied in defending past gains in the trades in which it is relatively strong than in reaching out after new recruits and fresh fields of action; and, as we suggest elsewhere, its industrial weakness goes some way towards explaining its political ineffectiveness.

The President and His Party

Undeterred by virulent newspaper attacks, in which he is accused of playing politics at the expense of the prestige of White House and of endeavouring to establish a personal quasi-dictatorship, President Roosevelt continues manfully to wrestle for the soul of the Democratic Party and to secure the nomination of New Dealers in the primary State elections. In South Carolina his efforts to prevent Senator Smith being renominated were in vain; and in California his supporter, Senator McAdoo, was defeated by a freak candidate with a "pensions for all" plan. These setbacks he has been endeavouring to make good in Maryland, where Conservative Senator Tydings seeks renomination in the Democratic list. In a speech on Labour Day, at Denton, the President declared his belief that the Democratic Party would prosper only so long as it remained a Liberal party and made no concessions to the minority "who assume that there are not enough good things to go around to give that minority all it wants and at the same time to give the rest of America a humane and modern standard of living." On the whole it looks as though Mr. Roosevelt's personal intervention in the "primaries" is succeeding in checking the Democratic Party's drift away from the New Deal's conceptions of "justice and security" for the mass of the people; but the President will probably still have a considerable sprinkling of Conservative mutineers within his own camp next session of Congress.

Littoral Despoiled

The speculative builder whose activities have stultified England's new arterial roads has wronged the community in respect to transport facilities. The speculator who has turned most of the coast-line readily accessible from London into a bungaloid slum has done the English a worse wrong. He has despoiled the beauties of their land—irrevocably, until time or beneficent enemy bombs undo his sordid handiwork. The areas thus devastated cannot be reclaimed; the important thing is to preserve, if possible, the remaining unspoiled stretches of sea-board. In a timely article in the September issue of the *London Mercury*, Sir Lawrence Chubb writes of the work being done by the Coastal Preservation Committee set up in February, 1937, and points out the difficulties which have to be met. The Town and Country Planning Act gives local authorities power to reserve specified areas from building, but it does not absolve them from compensating landowners for loss of their right to dispose of building sites. The authorities concerned in the case of much of England's loveliest coast scenery are dependent on rates from unremunerative agricultural land. With the best of good will, their ability to preserve land on a compensation basis is limited. One remedy would be for the Treasury to supplement for this purpose the resources of needy local authorities. Better still would be legislation on the lines of the enactment in force in Denmark, providing that no building shall in future be erected within a stated distance of the sea.

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TRADE UNIONISM AND DEMOCRACY

WHILE the Nazis at Nuremberg have been triumphantly celebrating the victories of the Totalitarian State, the Trades Union Congress at Blackpool has been wrestling not too happily with the problems of democracy in a supposedly democratic country. Hitler at any rate is in no sort of doubt concerning the essential unity of political and economic forces, and the necessity of turning every weapon, economic or political, upon the democratic enemy. But the Congress, or at any rate the General Council as interpreted by Sir Walter Citrine, is very determined that in its own operations the economic and the political issues must be held firmly apart. The General Council, we are told, " placed on record its conviction that in dealing with any Government on behalf of the Trade Union movement its conduct must be determined by industrial and not political considerations."

The phrase sounds well enough ; but what does it mean ? It might be interpreted as meaning that the Trade Unions are to be regarded exclusively as business bodies aiming at the defence and improvement of their members' industrial conditions by means of combination and other methods analogous to those of capitalist combines. If this were meant, the Congress would presumably exclude all political questions from its agenda. It would have nothing to do with the Labour Party, or with the National Council of Labour, which issues major pronouncements on behalf of the working-class movement as a whole. It would perhaps be entitled to protest against the destruction of Trade Unionism itself in the Fascist countries ; but beyond this it would have no opinions about Fascism or about foreign affairs of any sort. Nor would it presumably feel any concern, except from the standpoint of safeguarding the bargaining position of its own members, about the condition of the vast mass of workers who remain outside its ranks. It would have no notion of working-class solidarity, international or even national ; and all that part of Mr. Elvin's Presidential Address which dealt so trenchantly with the relative merits of Capitalism and Socialism and the inevitability of mortal conflict between them, would have to be regarded as out of order.

This is Trade Unionism as many of its enemies would like it to be, but clearly it is not what the General Council, or even Sir Walter Citrine, do in fact mean. Sir Walter, for example, in the very speech in which he put on record the declaration quoted above, made strong assertion of the need for resisting Fascist aggression and explained how the General Council had criticised the Government's foreign policy in its meetings with Mr. Chamberlain. He made it perfectly plain that the sympathetic reception given by the General Council to Mr. Chamberlain's demands for intensified rearmament was based on this very need for effective resistance to Fascism—that is, on a political and not an industrial consideration. And yet he was able, practically without challenge, to affirm the very opposite almost in the same breath.

What, then, is meant by this talk about " industrial " and " political " considerations ? For something is meant, though not, evidently, what is said. Broadly, what Sir Walter appears to mean is that the Trade Unions may talk about politics, but must not take any independent political action. They may express their solidarity with Spain and Czechoslovakia and Abyssinia and China ; they may criticise the Government's policy to their heart's content. They may even endorse such a manifesto on the international situation as the three sections of the Labour Movement have published this week. But, as soon as there is any question of independent action—beyond the holding of officially sponsored meetings and the taking of collections for Medical Aid or help to refugees—Trade Unionists, as citizens of a democratic country, must leave all that to the Government in power ; the Government must be saved from any serious embarrassment until it can be overturned by an ordinary political campaign when it decides that it is convenient to hold a general election.

The T.U.C. leaders—and, largely, the Labour Party leaders also—would argue their case on this " democratic " basis, which makes the sanctity of the British parliamentary conventions, in their traditional form, and not the principle of Socialism or working-class solidarity, or even common human decency, the last word in determining policy. But the T.U.C. leaders would argue also on a further ground. They would point out, with truth, that a great many members of Trade Unions do regard them almost exclusively as business bodies, and do not pay the special " contracted-in " subscription to the Labour Party funds ; and that the T.U.C. has to regard itself, at any rate in action, as the representative of these " non-political " Trade Unionists as well as of its class-conscious members.

This latter argument cannot be lightly dismissed. In any political action they take the Trade Unions must carry their less political members with them. But it must also be pointed out that this fact may be used as an excuse for inaction and that, if it is pressed at all far, it is disastrous to Trade Unionism even in a narrowly industrial sense, because it destroys the most powerful incentive to extend the movement to the unorganised. It leads logically to a type of sectional Trade Unionism (the A.F. of L. in the United States is an outstanding example) which makes great efforts to establish petty monopolies of labour in a limited range of crafts and occupations, mostly skilled, but simply leaves the main body of less skilled workers to stew in its own juice. British Trade Unionism has not come to this yet ; but the inadequacy of its efforts to organise the newer industries and its eagerness to suppress all attempts to stimulate organisation by any movement not initiated by the leaders show disquieting tendencies in that direction.

As for the former of the arguments—based on a conventional interpretation of democracy—what does it involve ? That, as long as Mr. Chamberlain or someone like him is able to remain Prime Minister of Great Britain, the British Socialists and the British working class, as far as it is conscious of what is happening, are condemned, on democratic principle, to stand by helplessly while in one country after another democracy, freedom of speech and organisation and even thought, and all recognition of any sort of international obligation are crushed out ; while the hopes of Socialism and international friendship are ruthlessly destroyed, and Fascism advances from victory to victory over the very forces which the Trade Unions are nominally determined to defend. According to this curious interpretation of democratic duties, working-class solidarity disappears, Socialism counts for little, and the promptings of outraged conscience must be

ruthlessly suppressed. Trade Unionism becomes merely a cog in the wheel of British Capitalism.

See where this attitude has landed the Trade Unions. They are in effect supporting rearmament without exerting even the smallest influence over the Government's international policy. They do not even use their overwhelming influence to force the Government to limit effectively the profits of the arms industry, still less to nationalise armaments. They could announce that unless the Government takes steps to find work for the unemployed they will no longer continue their present policy of restraining the rank and file from industrial action to improve their conditions and hours. They have failed to do anything effective to help the Spanish workers, which would have been far the best way of checking Fascist aggression everywhere. Nor can they do anything, as long as the Government is well aware that their protests will be confined to talk, and that even their talk will be terribly circumspect for fear of some of their followers mistaking it for an invitation to action. Why, the Trade Unions have not even made an attempt to appeal, over the head of Hitler, to the German workers in the name of international working-class solidarity! Such an appeal might fail of any startling effects; but it ought to be made in any case. For it would not be altogether unknown in Germany, and its real results would not be measured merely by what appeared on the surface. As it is, the effect of its not being made is disastrous. It is plain to Hitler, and plain to the German workers, that though the British Trade Union leaders are willing to fight, they are not anxious to do anything to wake up their own followers.

We do not imply that the Trade Unions have ceased to be a powerful force. As a result of last year's upswing in trade, the Unions have of course gained back some of the members they had lost. But it can hardly be disputed that both as an economic and as a moral power Trade Unionism has seriously lost ground. Industrially, it has failed to adapt itself to a situation of persistent unemployment and rapidly changing productive technique; and politically it has allowed itself to be cowed by its industrial losses into a pseudo-democratic apathy which in effect commits it to a refusal—despite Mr. Elvin's brave words—to make any fundamental challenge to a capitalist system that is manifestly in decay.

THE CRISIS IN PARIS

FAR from being shocked, the average Parisian seemed rather relieved when he learned on Monday that the Daladier Government had taken a number of measures in order to strengthen the frontier defences. These measures were not spectacular—they included the manning of the Maginot Line to its full strength, the calling up of a few thousand reservists with technical qualifications, and the cancellation of leave for officers and men on active service. It is said that the announcement of these measures caused great excitement on the Bourse; but then the Bourse has its own reasons for getting excited. But the average Parisian was not excited; he thought it only normal. For the concentration of vast numbers of German troops along the Rhine and Hitler's visit to Kehl last week had, without frightening the French, certainly irritated them.

For although there had been much war talk in August, the feeling began to grow, especially during the last week or so, that Hitler would not risk it. Why? Well, simply because the possibility of a German invasion of Czechoslovakia had made everybody "sit up." Psychologically, Europe was returning, under the pressure of events, to the conception of collective security. France, it was obvious, was less isolated than she had ever been. British intervention was as good as certain; and with Britain throwing in her weight against the aggressor, it was becoming increasingly clear that Rumania, Poland and Jugoslavia would back the "Allies," in spite of Beck and Stoyadinovitch, these strange mushrooms who, in the last few years, had grown up from the foul soil of Anglo-French weakness and indecision. And, in addition to Russia, the United States, as M. Bullitt clearly indicated, might, and in the long run, certainly would, have to be reckoned with. The Italians, remembering their experiences of 1935, were the first to feel that the atmosphere was not good; and they delicately suggested in their press that they would remain neutral. So, by the beginning of this week, Paris became pretty well convinced that a war had been averted.

Only—people would have been much happier if they thought that it had been averted for many years; and not only for a few weeks or months. "*Ce sera la guerre, mais dans des pires conditions*," was how my concierge, a peasant woman of small learning but great common sense, summed it up, shaking her head. She felt that if Germany were allowed to swallow up Czechoslovakia "peacefully," no country in Central and Eastern Europe would have any more faith in France and Britain; they would think Germany invincible, and would come to terms with her; "even the Russians might—and in a nice mess we would then be." I found this attitude much more widespread in Paris than I would have expected a few weeks ago, when it was still hoped that the Sudeten question would "somehow" be settled; the change, I think, is due to the gradual realisation—a realisation that matured on the day Hitler visited Kehl—that "all this" was directed not against the Prague Government, but, ultimately, against France herself. And it is now felt that Lord Runciman has already asked too much from the Czechs, and that if he is an arbiter with a mission to save peace, and not merely to postpone a war by a few months at any price, he had better consider that, since Germany, in the present state of Europe, cannot afford to go to war, there is no need to offer her Czechoslovakia as a free gift. For Hitler's "no war" decision is not a service to civilisation that deserves to be paid for, but an unpleasant necessity for him.

What the Czechs have offered the German minority is far better than what any minority has ever been given. A German demand for a plebiscite should not be taken at its face value; for why should ruthless dictators use, whenever it happens to suit them, a democratic weapon in the fulfilment of their anti-democratic policies? Within its context, such a plebiscite would *not* be "only fair." "If the pebiscite," a prominent Frenchman told me, "is to be raised to the level of a high and general principle, good and well; and let us then have a pebiscite not only among the Sudeten Germans, but also among the South Tyrolese. But only a cretin can be moved to emotions of democratic righteousness at the sight of Hitler carrying into Czechoslovakia the Tablets of Democratic Conduct."

A. W.

Paris, Tuesday.

FEAR OF WAR IN GERMANY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

THEY crowded round me in the Viennese bookshop: they were surprised, delighted to see an old face. They had given up hope of ever seeing any of their old clients from abroad again. One of the assistants, a middle-aged man, drew me aside after a few moments, and while pretending to show me a new line of illustrated pamphlets on Hitler's achievements for Germany, asked me urgently what people thought in England about the international situation. Was

there going to be a war? They all feared it in Vienna, he said, more, they knew it was coming. I tried to reassure him. I said I felt sure the Austrians didn't want war. He shook his head. "None of us wants war," he replied, "but what difference does it make? The Prussians, the military, are in charge, and we have to obey orders." Ah, things had changed in Vienna more than I could guess. But the Germans weren't having it all their own way. There was going to be trouble among the workers in Austria, and very soon. He'd heard that from Nazi officials themselves. Moscow was working in secret among the proletariat as never before. Why, what was the matter, I asked? I had heard on all sides that unemployment was disappearing, and my own investigations confirmed this. Yes, that was true, he said, but the jobs were badly paid and the work was intolerably hard. Prices had gone up, too. The mark was already in many ways worth no more than the schilling. As for their own business, the taxes went on mounting. He looked round the shop, and then added in even lower tones: "Hitler has almost brought about what Schuschnigg and Dollfuss failed to bring about in spite of all their efforts—a sense of Austrian nationalism."

I was to hear the complaint, "The mark's worth no more than the schilling!" on many sides during my stay in Austria. The Viennese didn't need any prompting to tell you that. But I was interested to check up on the other things my friend in the bookshop had told me. I asked a young worker, whose family I had known well in the old days, whether it was true about trouble among the workers. "The factories are seething," he said. He put it crudely. "They discuss politics the whole time. In the works X— you can scarcely get to the lavatories all day long, they're so jammed." I went to a restaurant I knew in a proletarian district. The proprietor came and sat down at my table and we talked. I led him round to the question of war, and what the people in his neighbourhood felt about it. "They all think it's coming," he said. "There's no stopping it now." He added after a few moments of gloomy silence: "Except for a few young boys who've got their heads turned, they're terribly afraid. It's the one subject that's in their minds." But wasn't there any opposition, I asked. He shook his head: too dangerous now. But if there was trouble, I went on, if people saw their opportunity, if the Nazis had a reverse? For reply, he made a slight gesture with his hand indicating his clients sitting round the large room: "See all these people here? Well, there's scarcely one who isn't anti-Fascist at heart."

Another friend of mine, non-political, but who had been brought up in Social-Democratic surroundings, said to me that sworn anti-Nazis were cropping up everywhere, it amazed him. A man in an inn he often went to had got up, only a few nights before, and begun to sing revolutionary songs. He'd had a drop too much, but the sympathy of the others in the inn was so much with him that nobody tried to stop him. He also said that one of his oldest companions, a young plumber who had never troubled about politics before, had suddenly begun working in secret for the illegal opposition. And a former Schutzbundler he had not seen for a long time met him one night by his house-door, and said to him: "We Schutzbündler remain the same at heart, they can't change us."

A few days later I was hearing very much the same things in Northern Germany. Time after time I was told that, even if organised Communism was weak, except for small groups, the feeling in the factories was such that there'd be a landslide the moment the Nazis lost grip or made a major blunder. I remembered the lightning change-over of the Viennese police in March: it seemed to me that the modern Totalitarian State made of its subjects either fools or complete cynics. My companion answered my thoughts: "Yes, in Germany to-day, you've got to learn to be an actor, to conceal your real feelings. That's all they've taught us." But he admitted that there was work in abundance, though he was very bitter about the conditions of work. Then there was *something* in the Socialism side of National-Socialism, I suggested. He laughed. "Don't you think we know that all the big guns of the Party and the so-called 'leaders' of the industries have their pockets stuffed full? And go down the Kurfurstendam any night and have a look at the arms-agents and arms-contractors enjoying themselves in the most expensive restaurants!"

The feeling about the Jew-baiting seemed to be the same in Berlin as in Vienna: it had gone too far, the people were disgusted. The Nazis now confined themselves to measures of extinction that were less obvious. A woman who lived in a working-class tenement in Vienna told me that a poor Jewish family on their landing, consisting of an old woman of over sixty and her daughters, had just been ordered to quit by October 1st. It meant the end for them—they'd never be taken in anywhere else. They could hear the weeping every night, and the whole house was talking about it with indignation. But the longer I stayed in Germany, the more the impression of war-horror among the people dominated all other impressions. The hysteria of the press and radio, the ever-increasing, senseless, incredible attacks on the Czechs, the Russians, the Jews (with a few venomous sideshows against the French, and the British, too), the elaborately staged demonstrations of triumph and unity and might with their flag-cluttered streets and roaring Party crowds, that were soon to culminate in Nuremberg, seemed to most of the ordinary adult people I talked to hardly worth bothering about, hardly real. What *they* saw was the endless streaming of troops and motorised columns on all the main roads, the massing of tanks and aeroplanes behind frontiers, the feverish digging and building going on, for instance, along the Luxembourg frontier. What they heard was the ceaseless hammering and pounding along the bank of the Rhine opposite Strasbourg, the droning of bombers every day through the sky, the marching feet of their sons and brothers and husbands as one class after another was called up for "manœuvres." In Austria the reaction this caused was aggravated by the feeling that it was the Prussians who were imposing it all on them, and by the behaviour of the Prussian officers and N.C.O.s in the inns and restaurants, but the basic feeling was the same everywhere—war is coming, we shall all be killed soon. An airman had told an acquaintance of mine that on the night of Friday, 26th, there was a state of alarm—*Alarmbereitschaft*—until 4 a.m., and everything was ready in the air force to move off at a moment's notice.

Rumours like this, true and untrue, fly from mouth to mouth, and increase the state of suppressed anxiety and misery. Such agitation was caused in Vienna by the parade of the S.S. one day in the new "V.M." gas-masks, that the papers next morning had to print a special article trying to ridicule nervy people. Measures such as the warning to all owners of German motor bicycles to hold themselves at the disposal of the military, and the sudden stopping of benzol to private drivers in the frontier districts, were fuel on the flames. A banker assured me that the collapse of the Berlin bourse was not primarily caused by Jewish selling. "Perhaps the people are sometimes more astute than their rulers like to think," he said, not looking at me. I was particularly surprised to hear that feeling about war and mobilisation was running high in Styria, the "stronghold" of Austrian Hitlerism, among the peasants who had no one to help with the harvest. In Vienna there was especial resentment among the older people that they were being called up. "Have we got to go through that slaughter again?" was what one heard. But most terrible of all was the atmosphere of fatalism. A small shopkeeper in Bavaria said to me (after lamenting like so many others that they only had the "false Italians" for allies): "My son was called up the other day, and I know I shan't see him again, I know he's going to be massacred." The owner of a small inn not far from Vienna where I stopped for dinner one night, tall, blond, Aryan, about 35 to 40, just the class and type that might have been expected to be all for the Nazis, talked to me openly: "What am I going to do when I'm called up in a few weeks' time? Who's going to run my business? I can tell you, we Viennese don't want this war. The Germans may like all this soldier business, but it's not in our natures. But it's too late now, the war's coming, it's

unavoidable." He added that Nazis who'd fought against the Schuschnigg regime for freedom, now found that if they opened their mouths "so much" they were packed off to Dachau.

I went away from Germany with two deep impressions. The first was, that the masses of average, decent people were terrified and revolted by the war preparations and propaganda. The second was, that in spite of that, with few exceptions, they felt for the moment helpless, carried along by a demonic power whose impetus they could not hope to change or check. As the train rumbled across the frontier, the feeling of relief at emerging from a poison-loaded atmosphere was darkened by the ineffaceable picture of millions of human beings in agony, expecting senseless destruction.

STORAGE AND SECURITY

In economic matters, war and peace habitually pull in opposite directions; and war, even if it creates for the time an apparent prosperity, brings depression and dislocation in its train. The world is still suffering from the economic distortions of the years between 1914 and 1918; and everywhere fresh distortions are occurring as the nations prepare more and more feverishly for another war. If, then, there is any point at which the requirements of war and peace are the same, so that measures useful from the standpoint of war preparation can be made also helpful in promoting economic stability in time of peace, we ought clearly to jump at the chance of availing ourselves of so happy a gift of fortune.

Mr. Keynes, in his paper to the British Association, has maintained that this fortunate concatenation is actually to be found in the policy of storage of essential supplies. It goes without saying that the more foodstuffs and essential materials we have stored up in Great Britain the safer we shall be from starvation and the better equipped in a military sense should war break out. On this ground Sir Arthur Salter and other leading economists have been urging for a long time past —just as the late E. F. Wise and his collaborators were arguing, in the light of their war-time experience, in the years of dislocation after the war—that the Government should adopt an active policy of purchasing and storing wheat and other essential commodities; and their labours did at length drive the Government, after prolonged resistance, into passing the Essential Commodities Reserves Act and into actually arranging under it for a small amount of purchase and storage of necessary supplies. What was done seems, however, to have been on but a small scale; and the Government, having intervened for a short period in the market, seems to have drawn back before its policy had produced any large results. Indeed, it is held in some quarters that the result of what has been done so far has been rather to transfer from private firms to the Government the cost of carrying stocks that would have been carried in any case than to increase materially the total stocks held in this country.

Sir Arthur Salter and those who acted with him did not omit to argue that, apart from the increased security which the stocks held in this country would give, their purchase would have beneficial economic results in improving the purchasing power of the raw material-producing countries and thus stimulating our export trades. But Mr. Keynes, in his British Association paper, has both pushed the economic argument a good deal further and produced a considerably larger-scale proposal. He stresses the fact that, except where a particular commodity is controlled by a monopolistic cartel—which stabilises prices in its own interest rather than in the interest of general economic stability—the prices of foodstuffs and raw materials fluctuate, over short as well as long periods, to a quite ridiculous and disastrous extent, entirely irreconcilable with any sort of steadiness in output or consumption. On the average of the past ten years, the highest raw rubber price in any one year has been nearly double the lowest price in the same year. For wheat, the difference between highest and lowest prices in the same year has averaged 70 per cent., for lead 61 per cent., and for cotton 42 per cent. In relation to any realistic scale of values, these fluctuations are sheerly fantastic. They happen because the cost of storage is high—Mr. Keynes puts it at an average of 10 per cent. per annum as matters stand—because producers cannot afford to hold their supplies, because manufacturers are unwilling to run the heavy risks of becoming speculative purchasers, and because, under these conditions, the activities of professional speculators, instead of levelling prices, cause them to fluctuate wildly almost from day to day.

Mr. Keynes argues that a policy of increased storage, either by the Government itself or with Government aid, could be so applied as greatly to steady prices without running into the disadvantages of monopolistic profit-seeking control, and that the steadying of prices would have a large effect in steadying employment and lessening both cyclical and seasonal fluctuation. He does not claim that such a policy would cure the trade cycle, but only that it is one out of many measures desirable with that end in view.

Here, of course, the crux of the matter lies in the capacity of the economic system subsequently to make use of the stored products. In the event of war, no problem arises; but in time of peace the *Economist*, in its criticism of Mr. Keynes's proposals, suggests that there is a serious difficulty. In the past, it argues, schemes of storage have been applied for the purpose of taking surplus stocks off the market in order to hold up prices. But the existence of these stocks, dispersable at any time, has actually in the long run depressed prices, while in the shorter run the Government purchases have induced producers to go on producing unwanted surpluses of goods.

Undoubtedly, this comment has truth, as a criticism of past schemes. But how far is it valid against Mr. Keynes's suggestion? In the first place, Mr. Keynes is suggesting not a temporary but a lasting investment in stocks of goods—varying doubtless in total amount as well as in its physical make-up, but substantial even at its lowest level. Stocks meant to be held permanently should have no depressing effect on the market; and even the excess held above the minimum would be dispersed, under Mr. Keynes's scheme, only when additional market supplies were needed in order to prevent an undesirably high level of prices. Secondly, Mr. Keynes is suggesting in the main, not an addition to total world stocks, but rather a transfer to Great Britain of stocks at present held in the producing countries; and this would clearly have no tendency to depress prices, but would serve to stimulate economic activity by increasing the buying power of the countries in which these stocks are now held.

Indeed, the *Economist's* arguments against Mr. Keynes come dangerously near an acceptance of the view, common among monopolists, that the great objective of economic policy is to decrease output; whereas Mr. Keynes is thinking in terms of economic stimuli which will enable a greater output to be exchanged on favourable terms.

There remains, of course, the question of cost. Mr. Keynes's plan is twofold. He proposes that, in some cases, the Government should actually purchase and hold the stocks of goods, but that in others it should merely offer a financial inducement to others to hold larger stocks in this country. Where stocks were actually purchased, the terms of acquisition could include in appropriate cases barter arrangements whereby they would be paid for with increased exports from Great Britain. For example, Great Britain could buy large reserves of timber from Scandinavia and the U.S.S.R. on this basis, taking advantage of the low prices now ruling and, incidentally gaining a quality advantage through the making available in future of more seasoned supplies.

Where barter arrangements could not be made, it is clear that the purchase of large stocks on British account would have some adverse reactions on the rates of exchange. But in the case, say, of American and Canadian wheat, of which there are large surpluses available, there should be no great

difficulty in arranging for most of the finance to be provided in America, where Mr. Wallace is at present busily trying to devise means of getting rid of a large quantity of grain without upsetting the market. Great Britain, of course, would need to provide the storage facilities and to meet their cost, and also part of the freight charge on condition of the goods being carried in British ships.

In such cases as tin and rubber, where stocks are at present held mainly in British colonies, and thus within the sterling area, the physical transfer to London would involve no financial difficulties which the Colonial Office could not easily overcome.

But, supposing the storage policy did to some extent increase Britain's adverse balance, as it would be bound to do, and did call for payment in gold or money, as well as in kind, would that really matter? Mr. Keynes holds strongly that it would not, and that a reserve of useful commodities might well replace some part of the gold at present held idle in the Exchange Equalisation Fund. He maintains indeed that the finance of the storage plan must be similar to that of the Equalisation Account, and thus outside the Budget, and that it must be managed in close connection with the Equalisation Account. Surely, he argues, useful commodities are as good a reserve as inert gold in time of peace, and much better in the event of war.

This would be going too far, under present conditions of international mobility of short-term money, if it were proposed to finance most of the storage with the Equalisation Fund's gold stock. But it is not; and the pressure on the exchanges will be small or non-existent where the plan can be either largely on a barter basis or within the sterling area—especially where the Colonies are concerned, because they are apt to hold their balances mainly in London.

In general, then, we believe Mr. Keynes has established his case for a much larger storage scheme than the Government has attempted or shows any sign of attempting. Of course, neither Mr. Keynes nor anyone else suggests that his whole plan should be carried out at once. The essence of it is that it should be done gradually, so as to take advantage of exceptionally favourable prices, of opportunities for barter arrangements relating to particular goods, or of other chances of securing supplies under conditions which will reduce the cost and strain. What is important is not that everything shall be done at once, but that the plan shall be envisaged and embarked upon as a whole, with a view not only to war-time security but also to its use in diminishing irrational short-term price fluctuations and increasing the general level of economic activity and security of employment.

A LONDON DIARY

IN Czechoslovakia Adolf Hitler has his own army of storm troopers called the S.F., organised precisely on the pattern of the S.A. The Czechs, whose frontier has never been closed, are well aware that there are Sudeten Germans who have been going backwards and forwards and learning to bear arms in the Reich. A correspondent, who managed to get introductions to influential people in the S.F. sends me some interesting details. Though they have local groups all over the Sudeten area, they themselves regard their branches in Brno and Prague as the best organised. Most of them are convinced that Czechoslovakia is to be forcibly disrupted and that it will be their task to create disorder from within, while the German army presses on the frontier and the democratic powers are persuaded to keep quiet while Germany " puts down " disorder. After Czechoslovakia is overrun, the next stage on the programme is to be a magnanimous gesture by the Führer offering peace to all his neighbours. The S.F. officials informed my correspondent that they have large stores of weapons safely hidden from the curiosity of the Czech peoples. They even said that their chief depot of explosives enjoys the immunity that, according to Czech law, is granted to Universities. The Chemical Institute of the German University in Prague is said to have been chosen because it consists of a complicated and extensive system of buildings, while the responsible official who might hinder their proceedings is a member of the S.F. My correspondent thought this fantastic, but found on inquiry that large parcels had just been unloaded from two lorries in the neighbourhood of the building. No one seemed to know what the goods were. No doubt the Czech police, who have several times discovered smuggled arms, could have told him whether there was anything in the story. In general, of course, police tactics on such occasions is to let the smuggling go on and then round the smugglers up at the critical time. My correspondent's point was that the S.F. themselves seemed dangerously confident and communicated this confidence to their friends over the border. All sorts of fantastic stories are passed round. There are wonderful rumours about a " sleeping gas " said to have been invented by the I.G. Farbenwerke. It is comforting for ignorant people in the Sudeten areas (who would in fact be the worst sufferers in a war) to be told stories of a German airfleet dropping bombs filled with sleeping gas, which would overwhelm everybody for three days, until German soldiers, equipped with special gas masks, came to wake them up! People smile when they tell these stories, my correspondent adds, but they are inclined to think that there may be " something in it."

* * *

Last week I referred to those unofficial diplomatists who have been busy helping Hitler to misunderstand British opinion. Lady Chamberlain's well-advertised tour of Nationalist Spain seems likely to increase the illusion. Of course she has gone there in a private capacity, just as her presence in Italy at the time of the Eden crisis was entirely non-political. But when the widow of a distinguished Foreign Secretary who is also sister-in-law of the Premier is banqueted in Burgos and has tea with Franco, conclusions are naturally drawn on the Continent. Lady Chamberlain may, as is stated, be chiefly interested in the social work which she is doing with Princess Beatrice, the sister of Alfonso, but her praise for living conditions in Nationalist Spain and her acceptance of a bouquet decorated with Franco's colours must be taken as an indication of where upper-class British sympathies lie. Mr. Chamberlain has repeated time after time his " impartiality " in the war. If he really wishes anyone to believe him, he will have to impose non-intervention upon his relatives. After all they should be easier to control than Hitler or Mussolini.

* * *

In its editorial anathema of Mr. Elvin, who opened the T.U.C. proceedings with a fighting Socialist speech, the *Times* made some extraordinarily ignorant comments. It says:

> If capitalism is all black and ought to be eradicated as essentially wrong, as Mr. Elvin would have men believe, then, of course, it ought never to have come into being. . . . Socialists may rationally argue that capitalism is a phase of industrial organisation due, as Mr. Elvin thinks, for extinction. That is the argument of the evolutionary Socialist, but Mr. Elvin uses the language of the destroyer, not the reformer.

On the contrary, it is the very essence of the revolutionary Marxist position that capitalism is the method by which the problem of production is solved, but in solving it, capitalism engenders a conflict within its own structure which can only be solved by Socialism. On this point the revolutionary and evolutionary schools do not disagree: their quarrel arises because the evolutionary Socialist thinks that the change, the final stage from monopoly capitalism to Communism, can come gradually, while the revolutionary is sure that the propertied classes will fight to maintain the out-worn integument of capitalist society and that therefore the proletariat must fight too. I do not expect to agree with the *Times*, but I feel let down when serious issues are dealt with by a writer who has obviously no acquaintance with his subject.

* * *

So the Noyes-Vatican quarrel has ended " not with a bang but a whimper "! It seems now that the whole affair was due to mistranslations: Mr. Noyes' book had been mis-

translated into Italian and the Decree from the Supreme Congregation in its turn mistranslated into English. Perhaps there were a few printer's errors, too. At any rate the Catholic Church has climbed down, after about as badly managed a controversy as I have seen for a long time. Nominally, there has been no loss of authority—" the Divine Institution is not diminished," Mr. Noyes puts it. He goes on: " This affair had nothing whatever to do with religion. It was simply a question of governmental procedure." But in fact no doubt the Supreme Congregation will hesitate before it issues similar Decrees to distinguished men of letters in the future. I wonder what would have happened if the author concerned had been not Mr. Alfred Noyes, but an unknown writer publishing his first book? Would he have been able to put his foot down, would there have been columns in the *Times* at his disposal and a happy ending in mistranslations?

* * *

The press still has its uses. Or was it some influence other than the protests in the newspapers that has changed the heart of Mr. Metcalfe, the Old Street magistrate? Whatever the reason there is no doubt about the change. Instead of bitter remarks about punishing the miserable refugees who sometimes reach England without police permission, Mr. Metcalfe treated the latest case—that of Mr. and Mrs. Rotenbach—with generosity and sympathetic understanding. There may have been something peculiarly touching in their story and the fact that they had surrendered voluntarily to the police gave them a special claim to lenient treatment. But their story was not more tragic than that of many others. Instead of abusing them as if they were dangerous criminals Mr. Metcalfe said they were " obviously very respectable people who had had a shocking time through no fault of their own," and he would deal with them with " the utmost leniency." I congratulate Mr. Metcalfe. I don't know him, but my deduction is that like many other magistrates, he had got into the habit of too often thinking of the people who came before him as so many " cases " and that criticism reminded him that they were human beings.

* * *

Another story from Germany. An old Jew who lived in Berlin dreamt that there had been a Communist revolution in Germany. On a tram-car he asked the conductor to put him off at Adolf Hitler Platz. " There's no such place," said the conductor. " You mean Josef Stalin Platz." At the first stop, the conductor shouted " Lenin-strasse, formerly Göring-strasse," and at the next " Karl Marx-strasse, formerly Goebbels-strasse." At the third, " Josef Stalin Platz, formerly Adolf Hitler Platz." The Jew still asleep did not get up and the conductor shouted again " Josef Stalin Platz, formerly Adolf-Hitler Platz." As the Jew still slept, the conductor shook him, shouting, " Josef Stalin Platz, formerly Adolf Hitler Platz. Wake up, comrade—formerly Jewish swine! "

* * *

A friend who has just returned from the United States was greatly impressed by the extent to which the Stage has gone " Left." I believe in fact that the theatre is quite an important side-show in the violent political rodeo which now stirs the United States. First there is The Peoples' Theatre, a lively product of Mr. Harry Hopkins' nation-wide programme of Work Relief. In order to give employment to thousands of out-of-work actors and theatre hands the Federal Government has become probably the largest theatrical producer of all time. At the peak there were 158 Federal companies performing in 27 States. No fewer than 1,700 plays have been staged at popular prices, and the great majority have been plays preaching a political moral or social purpose. But that is by no means all. *Pins and Needles*, a Left-wing amateur musical show has become all the rage. It was, first, the big hit of New York; later, a duplicate company was formed to take the revue on tour. The astonishing fact is that this spirited entertainment was produced by a trade union and performed entirely by garment workers—members of the famous International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union—pressers, cutters and " cracker-jack brassière operators," whatever that may be. But they can all act, sing and dance with the best. Their lines are witty and they can laugh at themselves. One of their songs entitled, " Sing Us a Song With Social Significance," has for its refrain,

> Sing us a song with social significance,
> There's nothing else that will do.
> It must be packed with social fact
> Or we won't love you.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss G. Coulter.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Men have strange ways of showing affection. For instance, a boy I have known for five years has hardly ever used my real name, calls me—

Old Pip, Catsmeat, Dogsbody, Fishface, Horace, Mole, Rastus, and many others in the same vein.

No wonder girls are left asking: " Is it love? "—Letter in *John Bull*.

Some venturesome people, undeterred by the war, are holiday-making in Spain this month. Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell went off to North-West Spain with a party of friends immediately her period of " in waiting " to Queen Mary was concluded. She has visited cathedrals at Burgos and other towns and is doing a round of sightseeing, including Guernica.—*Evening Standard*.

Working models specially designed in metal are the latest idea for wedding cake decoration.

The cake will provide a realistic scene of anti-aircraft guns, aeroplanes and searchlights after the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to-morrow of a Royal Artillery officer.

One aeroplane will be poised on the cake. Another will appear to be flying above the guests in the ballroom at the May Fair, where the reception is being held. A searchlight, placed on the cake, will play on the " hostile " aircraft. Diminutive anti-aircraft guns also arranged on the cake will be trained on the enemy.—*Daily Telegraph*.

But places must be found for the Jews. There are plenty of uninhabited parts of the world where, given a touch of the Christian spirit, they may yet find happy homes.—*Daily Express* leader.

At the end of the meeting there was no vote of thanks, no " God save the King." In the handbills the list of speakers included an archdeacon, who was not mentioned as " the Venerable " but as " Rev." Are Taunton pacifists civilised Englishmen?—*Somerset County Gazette*.

SOUTHDOWN SUMMER

THEN hey for a song of Sussex,
A song of the rolling Weald,
Of Muddlewood, Piddinghoe, Peacehaven, Wilmington,
Piltdown and Wivelsfield!
Where Kipling, Belloc, Davidson,
Once sang their Sussex lay—
With sandwich-bags, orange-peel, newspapers, bottle-tops
Littering all the way!

Then hey for car and charabanc
And the sunswept Downland scene,
By Saltdean, Withdean, East Dean, Woodingdean,
Roedean and Rottingdean!
And lightly on the Sussex earth
Where the Romans laid their bones
Strew fag-ends, match-sticks, nut-shells, tin cans
Fruit-skins and ice-cream-cones!

SAGITTARIUS

NONSENSE

SOMETIMES, when I read quotations from contemporary European documents in the newspapers, I find myself suspecting that a forger has been at work. Many of the things that are written by men in authority to-day seem as unlikely to be the work of rational human beings as the protocols of the Elders of Zion. This is particularly true of the anti-Christian propaganda that still flourishes in Germany. It reads like the vapourings of an assembly of Mad Hatters. The only thing to be said in its favour is that it recognises the fact that, if you are an anti-Semite and are logical, you must also be an anti-Christian. There have been many anti-Semite Christians in the past who tried to reconcile their anti-Semitism with a deep devotion, not only to Christ, but to Moses, Samuel, David and Isaiah. This, to my mind, was a betrayal of the anti-Semite faith. If Jews are hateful and beneath contempt then the great figures, not only in the Old Testament, but in the New, are hateful and beneath contempt, and the Christian who reverences them must be hateful and beneath contempt.

Therefore it seems to me that the Nazi anti-Christians are, up to a point, reasonable in their unreason. Even they, however, are not completely logical. They are still only half-hearted in their hatred. To be logical, they should denounce not only Christianity but everything that is tainted by Christianity—all art, music and literature composed by Christians or under Christian influences. Bach and Handel should be condemned no less than Mendelssohn. Mozart was a member of those two hated organisations, the Catholic Church and the Society of Freemasons, and both he and Haydn deserve expatriation. And the works of Beethoven and Wagner are by no means free from the Christian poison. If Christianity is evil and anti-German, I am afraid the Germans will have to give up most of their music and confine themselves to jazz.

Their art galleries, too, will suffer. They will have to burn all their Madonnas and Holy Families; and the Italians, imitating them, will have to lay waste the art treasures of Rome and Venice, of Florence and Perugia. The hated Christianity will never be extinct so long as a single painting by Fra Angelico survives. Nor can the churches be permitted to stand. Down must come St. Peter's and Cologne Cathedral. The weaklings among the anti-Christians suggest that the great churches might be preserved as show-places; but that would be a compromise unworthy of an anti-Semite. Every great church is a statement of the Christian faith as clear as if it were written in words. It is propaganda more enduringly potent than Herr Julius Streicher's. Anti-Semitism will not be out of danger till every church lies as level as Carthage.

A few years ago I should have thought it impossible that this would happen. So many curious things have happened in the meantime, however, that now scarcely anything would surprise me. I should not be widely astonished if a Nazi prophet were to declare war on the stars on the ground that a star in the East some two thousand years ago had proved false to the Aryan cause above Bethlehem. I should not be astonished, indeed, if all Aryans were ordered to paint themselves black and brown. Reason has temporarily quitted her throne, and there is a widespread revolt against wisdom. We have arrived at a new age of nonsense, which unhappily lacks the one virtue of nonsense—fun.

What, for example, are we to make of the *Official Guide for Schooling Hitler Youth in Austria*, from which some sentences were quoted in last week's *Time and Tide?* A few years ago I would have sworn it was a forgery, but in the nonsense-ridden world of to-day it seems almost a normal piece of imbecility. "Christianity," runs one sentence, "has corrupted Germany by teaching them things like adultery and theft, which they never knew before." I wonder whether an English Aryan prophet will appear some day and announce that Wesleyan Methodism corrupted England by teaching the English murder and tax-dodging, which they never knew before. The one statement is as sensible as the other. Then comes another lesson to the Hitler youth in Austria: "The Ten Commandments express the lowest instincts of mankind." This is very odd in view of the fact that two of the Ten Commandments are "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "Thou shalt not steal," and are thus expressive of the old pre-Christian German morality. The document goes on to say: "There is no Christian culture." While in the mood for negation, why does the writer not add: "There is no Hitler. There is no Nazi Party. There is no anybody or anything." It might not make sense, but, after all, sense is a democratic and bourgeois failing. Strong men have no need of it.

The writer, however, does let slip one fairly sensible remark. "The Church," he declares, "is international." Even here, however, his sensible remark is not altogether sensible, since he regards it not as a eulogy of the Church but as a condemnation of it. He evidently lives in horror of all things international. How he must hate to breathe the international air that may have come straight from the Russian steppes! The sun, too, is offensively international. The same sun that smiles on the Strength-through-Joy movement as it performs its exercises shines on Jews in Palestine and, indeed, all the world over. The sun, like the Church, makes no distinction between one race and another. It would as soon shine on a Negro as on an Aryan. If it has any preference at all, indeed, it seems to prefer the Negro. Why not launch an Aryan campaign against the sun? The Aryan should be too proud to accept the charity of a star that has no respect for the principles either of racial ascendancy or of racial purity. The true Aryan would also refuse to drink water, since water is chiefly a product of that antiquated internationalist, rain. With what democratic lack of morality the rain falls impartially on the just and the unjust! I have seen Jews drinking it. There is much to be said for an Aryan boycott of water.

If internationalism is an evil, indeed there is little in Nature with which the Aryans will not have a quarrel. The very sea that washes the shores of Germany is inseperably connected with the sea that falls so gently on coasts inhabited by cannibals. There is only one sea in the same sense in which there is only one Church. The Nazis will have to alter the laws of Nature before they can remedy this. I would not put it beyond Herr Rosenberg to attempt to do this, but, if he does, I expect him to fail, as the wise Canute failed. Nature does not change her ways in obedience even to words shouted at the top of the voice. I sometimes think, when I am listening to the German wireless, that Nazi orators believe that there is some special magic in words spoken at the top of the voice. A test of this theory should be easy. Let a Nazi orator shout as loud as he can to the sun to stand still. I think he will be surprised. I am willing to bet a thousand to one that he will fail ignominiously where the Jew, Joshua, succeeded.

But the conscientious objector to internationalism will not only have to cut his connection with Nature: he will also have to get rid of all those inventions and discoveries which were made by the inhabitants of other countries than Germany. Medicine has hitherto been fairly international and, if a cure for cancer were discovered in England to-morrow, it would belong, according to international principles, not to England, but to the world. Would the Nazis reject it, I wonder, if it were discovered by an English Jew? I should respect their consistency more if they did.

I doubt, however, whether the Germans do not betray the principles of extreme nationalism even in their manufacture of armaments. Do they not owe something to foreign inventions in the structure of their aeroplanes, their submarines, their tanks, and their bombs? I have a great respect for the German genius, but I fancy that, if the Germans refused to have any truck with inventions that originated outside Germany and have become international, they would lose from 50 to 75 per cent. of their military efficiency.

The truth is, of course, that Germany's denunciation of internationalism is mere noisy nonsense. If it were not, we should not find her engaging in international trade, and we should not be drinking hock and driving German motor cars in England.

I myself happen to believe both in nationalism and in internationalism. They seem to me, at their best, to be complementary to each other, like the right and the left eye. A world that did not contain both would, to my mind, be perverted and unnatural. Perhaps we are coming to such a state—a one-eyed world, with the one eye seeing crooked. On the other hand, I am enough of an optimist to suggest that perhaps we are not. Y. Y.

Correspondence

ECONOMIC BASIS OF FASCISM

SIR,—Interesting and at times persuasive as was Mr. Strachey's article on "The Economic Basis of Fascism," in your issue of September 3rd, I find in it certain disturbing features.

(1) Mr. Strachey admits that "far too little and exhaustive study of Fascist economics has, as yet, been made," and yet he is prepared already to predict what the findings must eventually be. Can it be that he has got a crib which tells him the answer without his troubling to do the sum? One suspects that he may be proceeding by act of faith and using the desired conclusion as a premiss to his argument. Is this an altogether "objective" or "realistic" or even logical approach to the question? Incidentally, can we rely on any economic facts or figures vouchsafed to us by Fascist governments?

(2) Mr. Strachey assumes that, because Germany and Italy are aggressive and anxious to expand, it must therefore be the nature of Fascism to expand. Are not Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Greece and several other countries ruled by Fascist or almost Fascist governments? And are these countries so very notable for their aggressive or expansionist designs? Is it possible to generalise about the nature of Fascism at all, on evidence drawn from less than two decades' experience and from two countries only, each with so many obvious non-economic motives for aggressive behaviour?

(3) If the Fascist powers can only be prevented from expanding through their encirclement by "an unchallengably powerful peace-bloc" and if it is also inevitably their nature to expand, is not this the policy pursued by James Watt in tying up the kettle? Mr. Strachey imagines that the dictators would collapse, but, if I may play his game of guessing the nature of dictatorships, may I hazard the generalisation that Fascist dictators do not resign but prefer to go down fighting? Even if we accept Mr. Strachey's analysis in its entirety, and still more if we regard Fascism as primarily a psychological phenomenon, it seems probable that the more it is frustrated the more aggressive it is likely to become. Mr. Strachey hopes for a peace-bloc so powerful that the Fascist powers dare not attack. But the dictators may remember that once before there was a war to save democracy, in which we had Italy, Japan and the United States on our side, and that even so we only just won. Nor did our victory rid the world of military dictatorship for very long. Your own suggestion, sir (in another column), of democratic propaganda and a bigger and better conference, seems a more hopeful plan.

King's College, Cambridge. CHRISTOPHER MORRIS

THE ECONOMICS OF FASCISM

SIR,—Mr. Strachey's very interesting argument seems to lead to a conclusion that is the very reverse of that which he draws. If the aggressive drive of Nazi Germany is the same as that of any country at the stage of monopoly capitalism, does it not follow that its violence may be modified by successful expansion just as the chauvinism of Britain, France and Holland have been gradually modified? In that case, it is held that the ideology of a country is purely a function of its economic structure, then the sadism and mad racialism of the Nazis would also be toned down as the pressure for external markets was relieved.

Surely Mr. Strachey has ruined his own case by over simplification. The problem in this instance is that the imperialism which, I agree, is certain to arise in any country at the stage of monopoly capitalism has become blended with an ancient and terrible form of Paganism which under the leadership of men with no scruples and no restraints of religious tradition or humanity, may destroy the civilised world in a search which has less and less to do with a real capitalist need for markets and more and more to do with an irrational religion, personal ambition and a lust for power.

WILLIAM BROWN

A WORLD BRAINS TRUST

SIR,—"A provisional committee with Sir Richard Gregory as Chairman, and a distinguished personnel of Fellows of the Royal Society, was formed and an equally distinguished permanent committee will be announced shortly." Such magic words from Ritchie Calder in your current issue sum up the achievements to date of committees of eminent scientists selected to advise the T.U.C., etc. Now the British Association is to have one—"the list (of members) makes impressive reading"—to study the Social Relations of Science. But the basic question, so far ignored, is: How can scientists deal with the social relations of science until science has dealt with the social relations of man?

That these eminent physicists, palaeontologists, chemists, crystallographers, are fogged from the start is indicated by the curiously muddled list of subjects considered worthy of their attention and the possible methods of giving this attention. Naturally. For when we turn to human affairs, we find at present very few techniques for assessing social relationships, very little of the tradition of objective valuation of theory founded on demonstrable fact and repeatable experiment, which is so essential to what I may venture to term the "inhuman sciences." Professor Levy, one of the great men whom Calder hopes to see at the head of the B.A.'s social activities, showed the commonest sort of confusion in his recent *A Philosophy for the Modern Man*. A text figure illustrates statistical order in behaviour. It is a point vital to his whole thesis. It shows a dart-board, with the marks of the darts as thrown by the players. The number of perforations on the board decrease symmetrically as the distance from the central point (50) increases. This is in accordance with Levy's theory of dart-playing. But anyone who has ever observed a dart-board knows that this is not what *human beings do*, nor even what they aim at. If statisticians are to study human affairs, they must study humans, not laboratory theories and census returns, though these are important as well. But humans do not necessarily follow the obvious course, or necessarily obey the purely laboratory law. Human goals can also be "illogical." That is the crux of the matter.

Similarly, it is *not* enough for scientists "to take definite issue with Fascism." Both science and superstition are stronger and deeper than that. Fascism isn't only when shirted. It is all around us, here and now, growing, over the world, over the apparent breakdown of scientifically conditioned civilisation. It is growing all the time in individualist ideals, astrological determinisms and ethereal dialectics, sponsored by radio, pools, poetry, press, films and Blackpool. Everywhere we are faced with a growing rejection of science. And Fascism with the salute is only one aspect of the conflict: Fact *versus* Fantasy, Factist *versus* Fascist. Fact, even without opposing any specific grouping, is probably in itself the ultimate dymanic, the inescapable factor in changing the world. Can we wait for any such ultimate?

This aspect of the matter is raised again in your current issue, when Mr. Strachey's scientific attitude leads him only to "Believe that an exhaustive study of their [Fascist] economy would show in precise detail" that the factor in Fascism "which drives them into ceaseless aggression as a necessity of their existence" will turn out to be economic. I venture again to suggest that an "illogical" factor may also be vital, and I personally believe that exhaustive research may reveal, in external behaviour, that a large part is played in such internal and personal drives of "progress" as getting on, being yourself, being a success, growing up, growing old. With these drives is associated an idea of contest which is fundamental in any democracy, and given full play in all parts of it. It includes, for instance, the party system in politics. I suspect that this is an important factor cutting across and complicating all class and economic interests (though not necessarily reducing their influence); I suspect too that when governments bottle up the channels by which such contests and conquest ideas are liberated in democracy, when, for example, they destroy the party system of election—an enemy outside the now-compulsory social group becomes essential to bind the group together. The enemy must now be an outsider,

a traitor, a cheat who is trying to sabotage or pollute the powerful structure of the uniform society. Best if he is visibly different from the mass, another nation or race. And the more the strain on regimentation and uniformity, the more the need for such enemies.

This is only a working hypothesis which has emerged from recording two years' "mass-observation research" on party politics, and from studying a series of elections. But it might explain much that is at present obscure in the sometimes extraordinary and apparently "pointless" steps taken to persecute, with the utmost publicity, small sections within the dictatorships. It would provide one clue to the problem which puzzles John Strachey, "the something within Fascist regimes which drives them into ceaseless aggression." Surely it is important to ask at this point how much of the problem of Fascist "psychology" is distinct from the problem of Fascist "economy"? That is a vital question for the student of democracy and the social relations of science. TOM HARRISSON

85 Davenport Street, Bolton.

GERMANY SHOULD BE WARNED

SIR,—Writing to Colonel House in 1915, Walter H. Page, American Ambassador in London, said:

> Every nation in Europe knew that Germany was preparing for war. If they had really got together—not mere Hague Sunday-School talk and resolutions—but had really got together for business, and had said to Germany: "The moment you fire a shot, we'll fight against you . . ." then there would have been no war.

There could be no danger of war now if Britain, the United States, France, Russia, and any smaller nations that cared to stand in with these big ones, were to say the same thing now.

When Page wrote, the chance of saying it had been thrown away; war had resulted. It is being thrown away again to-day.

HAMILTON FYFE

AN EXPLANATION

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to correct a false and damaging impression which may arise from the last item in the column, "This England," of your issue of September 3rd. It is a quotation from an Oxford College notice-board which contains the phrase: ". . . the Indian Institute . . . whose proximity we may regret, but cannot avoid . . ." and signed by the Dean of the College. As considerable prominence is given, in the correspondence pages of the same issue, to the question of colour-prejudice directed against Indians in this country, it is probable that the wording of this notice will be interpreted by your readers as an example of such prejudice. Indeed, if the notice has not this meaning, it is difficult to see what point of general interest it possesses which would justify its publication. In fairness to an institution the reputation of which is valuable, it is necessary to state that such a meaning is not intended, and could not be conveyed to any one remotely concerned in the reading of it in its proper place. The notice is, of course, worded purely for internal consumption in the College, where no misunderstanding of its meaning could arise. Is it not a new and deplorable departure for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to print in the column "This England" unpublished matter of a more or less private character?

To anyone acquainted with Oxford, knowing roughly where the component parts of the University are situated and what they do, it is obvious that no question of colour-prejudice is involved. The Indian Institute is not inhabited by Indians, or even directly associated with individuals of Indian race. It is a museum, research department and library of Indian history and culture, mainly used by Indian Civil Service probationers, most of whom are British in origin. Equally obvious is the fact that no reflection is expressed or implied on the officials of the Indian Institute. The "proximity" which is "regretted" is simply and solely what it says, the question of *site*. The Indian Institute rather awkwardly juts into, and forms one side of the new quadrangle of Hertford College. It is therefore exposed to the wear and tear of undergraduate life in College, which is usually a matter of purely domestic concern. As in this case a friendly but uneasily near neighbour is involved, special care is required, and requested in this notice.

This tedious explanation of a minor matter may be, and I hope is, unnecessary. Yet it is surprising how easily harmful misunderstandings about Oxford arise in this way. (One need only quote the famous Union motion on "King and Country" of a few years back.) Oxford says and does many things which are the subject of offence or ridicule to the press. It is a pity that it should be pilloried for a breach of good taste and common sense which, in this case, is purely imaginary. F. M. H. MARKHAM

Hertford College, Oxford.

[We are glad to publish this explanation. The notice was "published" in the sense that it was displayed for all to read. The wording of the notice does seem a little unfortunate.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BACK TO THE LAND

SIR,—Mr. L. F. Easterbrook refers in your current issue to what he calls the chaotic marketing conditions of eggs and goes on to state that the price of the same class of eggs will vary by as much as 3*d.* per dozen in different markets on the same day and that lorries are sent 40 miles to collect half a load.

Obviously Mr. Easterbrook is in favour of organised marketing, but it should be remembered that under chaotic marketing conditions producers are receiving on an average 70 per cent. of the price paid by consumers. How much more are they entitled to? and on what other commodity do they get so near to the retail figure. For milk, consumers pay at least double the figure the producer receives.

Egg prices at country markets as published in the press are not taken seriously by people in the trade. For 20 years I have been looking for a "cheap" district in which to buy, but so far have failed to find one. The facts are that if a firm will pay 1*d.* per dozen more than their competitors in any district they will very soon collect all the eggs produced in that area and if a 1*d.* less is offered the lorry will return empty.

Mr. Easterbrook evidently does not know that when a lorry returns with only half a load that the remaining space is used for conveying chickens, hens, ducks, rabbits, fruit, cheese and sometimes furniture. It will be seen, therefore, that eggs only bear a portion of the cost of maintaining a lorry, but in any case if lorries are sent 40 miles to collect only half a load, then surely producers are to blame for not filling them. Fortunately for collectors during the spring glut of eggs not much space is needed for poultry, etc., as supplies are scarce. In the autumn when egg supplies have diminished the collector can easily make up his load with poultry and rabbits which are then plentiful. May I add, that much as I desire organised marketing, I am not sure that it would benefit the producer.

It is true that several articles could be written on the scope for cleaning up the poultry industry, but surely there cannot be anything new to say, excepting to emphasise that the producers biggest enemy is disease. At present the industry is definitely dying and very drastic measures will have to be taken by the Government to check the very high rate of mortality which is so prevalent in all classes of poultry. H. G. FOULKES

D. Foulkes and Son,
Roushill, Shrewsbury.

INDIANS IN ENGLAND

SIR,—Eighteen months ago I motored fairly extensively through England with an Indian friend. Within a very short time we discovered that every hotel was full when my friend applied for rooms. I had to leave him well hidden in the car and produce him only when forms had been signed and retreat was more or less impossible.

On one occasion my friend had the misfortune to back into another car in a traffic block. Among other things he was called a "bloody cannibal"; and this was only a peculiarly gross example of the treatment he had learned to expect from his sojourn in this country.

Finally we hit on a deception which replaced this almost universal odium by an embarrassing popularity. We pretended that my friend was an exiled Abyssinian nobleman.

Being a Madrassee the deception was remarkably plausible, and certainly the kindness he received could hardly have been greater.

In addition we were able to carry on an effective if immoral campaign for the cause of his adopted country!

The strangest incident of all occurred in Paris. We were booking a double room in a cheap hotel where many English tourists spend a night or two on their way to other parts of France. The patron looked at us in obvious perplexity and then attempted a brilliant compromise to solve his incredulity. "Vous êtes Perses, messieurs?" he asked. PHILIP TOYNBEE

Worcester Chambers,
14 New Street, Birmingham.

BISHOP SPROLL

SIR,—As your admirable journal, unlike the efforts of the daily press, is usually so happily free from inaccuracies, it seems worth while to point out any occasional mistake that may creep in. Thus it happens that the German Bishop to whom you refer in your current number is Roman Catholic Bishop of Rottenburg am Neckar (a see of the archdiocese of Freiburg im Breisgau), *not* of the world-famed medieval town of Rothenburg. In the year 1934 I had the pleasure of visiting Bishop Sproll (not Sprott) in the company of a Canadian Catholic fellow-student, whom he had befriended. From that visit, and also from what my friend told me of him, I came to admire the Bishop greatly for his humanity—which for me as an agnostic is more important than all his theological learning. The son of a simple peasant, Dr. Sproll lived in an unostentatious way in one small corner of his spacious official residence, with his sister as housekeeper, and he was greatly loved by the people of the district, winning respect even amongst the Protestant population. I know also, that at the time of the first violent anti-Semitic onslaughts he was personally approached by the leaders of the Jewish community in Stuttgart, and that he promised to do what little he could to help to alleviate the Jewish sufferings—adding at the same time that his own Church would probably soon need all its energies to defend itself. His latest actions and the persecution he has endured show that his determination and purpose has not wavered. The world should be thankful for his noble example. C.

THE RULING RACE

SIR,—Never have I felt so proud of being a Jew as at the present. Imagine: forty-four million Italians are dominated by 40,000 Jews. Seventy million Germans were ruled by 600,000 Hebrews. Thirty-five million Poles are frightened by the Israelites. France is driven to despair because of them. England is haunted by the Jews and, it is superfluous to mention that America is completely under the sway of the Jews. What a mighty empire we possess!

The spectre of the Jews is hanging over the world. I would like to give some modest advice to those stricken by this demon how to get rid of them.

As is known, Italy and Germany need raw material, their children have not sufficient fats, and so on. Let them conserve every year some hundred thousand Jewish children and infants. Let them roast their flesh for food, use their skin for shoes, prepare the beards of the aged Jews as wool for clothes, their old rugs will help the national economy. Thus in a few years' time the Jews will cease to dominate the world.

I am only troubled by this thought: the Germans and Italians will not do it since Semitic blood will flow in their veins. And, alas! the Jews then will again rule the world. CHIMENIUS

MR. GARVIN'S TECHNIQUE

SIR,—Apropos of your reference in "A London Diary" to Mr. Garvin's startingly original methods of self-defence in public discussion, it is worth while to recall a significant fact which is set out in the forefront of Mr. Harrison's *Parnell, Joseph Chamberlain—and Mr. Garvin*. This is that the *Times Literary Supplement* treated Mr. Harrison's carefully documented version of the Parnell-Chamberlain-O'Shea story as being *prima facie* established subject only to such further evidence as might still emerge with particular reference to Mr. Garvin's then coming *Joseph Chamberlain*.

When Mr. Garvin's book appeared it was found to have completely ignored the *Times* reviewer's challenge. It treated *Parnell Vindicated* and its evidence as non-existent, and repeated the older story as authentic and substantiated. The reply of Mr. Harrison is, not unnaturally, drastic. Mr. Garvin having, in emulation of the ostrich, buried his head in the sand Mr. Harrison has proceeded to fusillade his hinder parts with barbed arrows. Mr. Garvin's dignity will not permit him to withdraw his head from its hiding-place, and his *Observer* article gives the measure of his displeasure as the arrows impinge upon his other end. BOOKWORM

THE CHANNEL CROSSING

SIR,—Permit me to support Mr. Raymond Postgate's condemnation of the Southern Railway's attitude towards those who are compelled for want of a competitive service to patronise its cross-Channel steamers.

My wife and I crossed from St. Malo to Southampton on the night of August 19th. We went on board at eight o'clock, the earliest time that one is allowed on board. (Those who arrive at the Southern Railway Office before then, and have to wait, find no seating or cloakroom accommodation of any kind provided). The night was wet and cold, but no chairs or rugs were obtainable until the ship sailed at ten o'clock. Most people were, therefore, compelled to stand and shiver for two hours. At ten o'clock everybody fought to get near the companionway where the stewards were issuing rugs. Although the notice is prominently displayed "Rugs may be obtained free of charge from the stewards," the steward actually handing out rugs was ignoring those who failed to offer money, and was shouting, "Dip your hands in your pockets. It's shillings we want, nothing less. You can't get anything for nothing in this world!"

We were travelling second class. The cost of a return ticket is £3. The distance from St. Malo to Southampton is 150 miles. Surely even second-class passengers are entitled to better service than this when paying nearly 2½*d.* a mile?

On shorter crossings the cost per mile is, of course, considerably higher. Is it not time that the Channel crossing was run as a public service, and not as a scheme for extracting disproportionate sums of money from defenceless travellers who have no redress?

9 Josephine Close, Norwich. DONALD F. DUCE

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

The Hop-picking Season

The hoppers are arriving in Kent. It is curious to observe that the moment the East-ender leaves his slum in Bermondsey or Rotherhithe for this annual expedition, he starts to cut quite a different figure in the public mind, ceases to be a mere and rather vulgar cockney, and is instantly invested with all the attributes of romance. For three weeks in his drab year he is allowed to rank in picturesqueness with the gipsy. Why this should be so, is a little difficult to explain. He dresses the same way as he does in London, yet there is a vast difference between the cockney and the hopper; perhaps the red handkerchief knotted round the throat looks better in a field than in a slum. The tawdry muslins of his women-folk make a bright and oddly foreign effect among the bines. The many children playing about turn the serious business of picking into something like a pagan festival. A certain light-heartedness descends on all. It is very un-English in spite of being so essentially English. The hop-gardens take on the semblance of southern vineyards. Colour and gaiety reign, in a way they never do at the other great country events such as hay-making or harvest.

This gaiety is reflected also in the trouble that the cockney family takes to make its temporary home as lively as possible. The sleeping-quarters provided are usually no better than a range of wooden huts—sometimes even an old railwaycoach—limewashed inside, and supplied with a wooden bench and a couple of trusses of straw for bedding. Nothing more. It is all very bleak, bare, and hard. Little can be said for it save that it is clean and (one hopes) weather-proof. But fortunately the families who have descended yearly upon the same hop-gardens for several generations know exactly what to bring with them in order to turn a hut into a home. They bring coloured lithographs and lace curtains; bed-spreads and china ornaments, and by the time they have set out their treasures their little hovel looks as attractive as a Dutch interior. Then when the working day is over they gather round huge bonfires and rouse the quiet night with songs and guitars.

Still, it appears that they do not wholly like being in the country. So long as the weather is fine they make the best of it, regarding it as a holiday to be enjoyed, almost an obligation, but then as day dies a certain alarm disquiets their souls. Away from traffic and street lights, they are frightened. The silence and the darkness of the fields perplexes them. They will not go about after dusk except in little bands. Toughs

though they may be at home, they are not tough enough to stand the desolation of the darkened country-side. On the whole, they feel rather relieved when the moment comes to climb into their chars-a-bancs or cars again and return to a mode of life they understand.

Perhaps, however, they will not much longer be called upon to add their picturesque turn to the country year. The bines, it is said, will soon be stripped by machinery. Oh, brave new world!

Humulus lupulus

The history of the hop is not uninteresting. Guinness is good for you; but in the reign of Henry VI popular opinion took a different view, and the hop was condemned as "a wicked weed." By the time of Henry VIII the wicked weed had attained quite another status, having been officially introduced from Flanders for cultivation in Kent and two or three other counties. Even so, Henry VIII ruled that the brewer should not put any hops into the ale, since this addition would "dry up the body and increase melancholy." This ruling of an autocratic King did not prevent an irreverent subject of the Crown from writing, perhaps rather inaccurately,

> Hops, Reformation, Bays and Beer
> Came into England all in one year.

The overwhelming proportion of those hops which came into England, never to depart, is grown in Kent, and has had its effect upon the landscape of the country in those characteristic pointed oast-houses or kilns, with their white vanes swinging to the wind. Most people must be strangely incurious. Nearly everybody must surely have seen oasts dozens of times, if only from the window of a train, yet if one lives near a group of them one is constantly asked what "those odd-looking buildings" are for. During the next two or three weeks, anyone can see for himself what they are for. He can climb up into the upper loft and glance into the round turret where the deep green carpet of cones is spread drying in the hot fumes. He can watch the men shovelling the dried heaps through a hole in the floor, packing them tightly into the great sacks called pockets in which they are to be driven away to the brewer—the last stage in the endlessly complicated process of the hop-grower's year.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

"I AM MORE THAN SURPRISED —I'M AMAZED"

THE action of Mr. Morgan's play, *The Flashing Stream*, is set in an old Spanish fortress, now used as a Naval Experimental Station in the British island of St. Hilary in the Atlantic. The work in hand is of enormous importance. It is the perfecting of an aerial-torpedo which will rob air-warfare of its terrors. The characters engaged are Commander Ferrers (Mr. Godfrey Tearle) and his staff of naval experts, aided by a young woman. When the curtain rises, Ferrers and his staff have been at work without leave for two years, on this England-saving, world-saving, invention. They are suffering from that general strain which prolonged isolation in, so to speak, monastic conditions puts upon men; while Ferrers in particular has been stricken by the recent failure of a trial-experiment in which Selby, the one colleague who was his equal in enthusiasm, imagination and mathematical equipment, lost his life. Meanwhile, at home the Admiralty is growing impatient for results; and now the First Lord of the Admiralty has come out himself to estimate the situation, bringing with him Selby's sister, Karin (Miss Margaret Rawlings), who is even superior to the dead man in mathematical genius. In the background are a rear-admiral, his flag-captain and his wife. She, however, can hardly be said to keep in the background. This small, amorously vindictive woman nearly succeeds in preventing Ferrers' invention from completion. In spite of possessing something of the pert composure and cool peremptory intonations of that very living actress Marie Tempest, she did not strike me as a very real figure. But that was more Mr. Morgan's fault than Miss Vanne's.

Though, no doubt, some of the wives and sisters (Lady Helston is also a sister of a Sea-Lord) of men high in the Service can sometimes be exceeding tiresome and interfering, I believe their powers in that direction fall a good deal short of being able to dictate decisions on naval policy to their husbands and brothers. Sailors and their wives if they visit the Lyric Theatre are likely, I think, to be contemptuous of the *machinery* of Mr. Morgan's play and the postulate that the fate of an all-important invention may hang upon the way in which its inventor receives the advances of an admiral's wife. Of course this is a possibility; but it is a possibility which certainly does not *strengthen* the convincingness of a naval story which turns upon it. It is one which belongs more properly to Stage-Land than reality. Yet, if all the other incidents in such a play ran true who would cavil at it? Not I, for one. But, unfortunately, that was not so. While watching *The Flashing Stream* I felt I was in Stage-Land all the time, in spite of the play being so naturally acted; and I was antagonised because what I watched was also claiming to be a revelation of the depths of life. My programme had already prepared me to expect that revelation. There I read:

> Many are persuaded by despair that against the violence of the contemporary world there is no remedy but to escape or to destroy; but there is another within the reach of all—of a woman at her cradle, or a man of science at his instruments, of a seaman at his wheel or a ploughman at his furrow, of young and old when they love and when they worship—the remedy of a single mind, active, passionate, and steadfast, which has upheld the spirit of man through many tyrannies and shall uphold it still. . . . This singleness of mind, called by Jesus purity of heart, the genius of love, of science and of faith, resembles, in the confused landscape of experience, a flashing stream, "fierce and unswerving as the zeal of saints," to which the few who see it commit themselves absolutely. They are called "fanatics," and indeed they are not easily patient of those who would turn them aside; but, amid the confusions of policy, the adventure of being man and woman is continued in them. .

I was not favourably impressed by this passage, because it seemed as if written to show off the author's feelings rather than to enlighten me. It was also confused in thought. Single-minded devotion to a task or another person is a fine thing in itself; but though loyalty to a vocation in a ploughman or a man of science or a mother or a lover may increase the sum of good in life, instances of it cannot "remedy the violence of the contemporary world." It is only too painfully clear that single-mindedness, faith, self-devotion, are characteristics of some of those most directly responsible for that state of things to-day. It is the nature of the object of single-mindedness which decides its value. Mr. Morgan would of course agree, but carried away by a glowing feeling that he was about to illustrate in the persons of two characters, a man and woman, the vital importance to civilisation of the disinterested pursuit of truth he lost his bearings; and not only in this scrap from his, as yet, unpublished preface, which would not matter much, but in the choice of his story to illustrate that theme on the stage. He could hardly have hit on one more likely to confuse the issue, or one more likely to lead him into absurdities in trying to stick to his theme. What is at stake on the stage is the success or failure of an invention of momentous importance to the whole world; but what Mr. Morgan wishes to show, and in this he has the sympathy of all who think, is that there is something more valuable than any particular invention however beneficial, namely that disinterested attitude of mind which leads incidentally to their discovery, but is, too, in itself, as Plato pointed out, the glory of man.

"And what are these necessities of knowledge, Stranger, which are divine and not human?" asks Cleinias in *The Laws*; to whom the Athenian replies: "Those things without some use or knowledge of which a man cannot become a god to the world, nor a spirit, nor yet a hero, nor able earnestly to think and care for man." "Such was Plato's judgment of mathematics" Bertrand Russell adds, after quoting that passage

(Philosophical Essays, 1910); a judgment which consciously or unconsciously has been the inspiration of all science, and in a different way perhaps of art.

Well, Mr. Morgan is in passionate agreement as to the importance of "those things," the prestige of which is always in danger whenever the framework of civilisation is seriously threatened, as it is now. And all honour to him! But how does he proceed to drive their value home to people in general who are inclined to respect the impulse to investigate merely in proportion to practical results? He exhibits two fellow-workers, a man and a woman (most passionately in love with each other) as engaged together, not in disinterested research, but at work on the *application* of scientific knowledge to a most urgently needed *practical* end. Thus, unintentionally, his play fosters the point of view he designed to show was shallow. And he is aware of this danger himself for he attempts to recover his theme in the last act. Unfortunately that attempt only leads him into absurdities and unrealities. But to explain this I must very briefly tell the story.

In Act I, Commander Ferrers, at the persuasion of the First Lord of the Admiralty, reluctantly accepts the services of Miss Selby. She is a woman; the rest of the staff are men. It will complicate matters. Even in his own case he fears that "the impersonal passion" which alone supports him and can bring his work to a successful conclusion, may be impaired by her attractions. In Act II, we see that up to a certain point his fears were thoroughly justified. Her presence promotes hysterical violence in Lieutenant Sandford, the torpedo expert, while the strain of the monastic atmosphere momentarily drives Karin Selby into the embrace of Lieutenant Brissing; a matter-of-fact young man with a true love at home, who almost persuades her that a little affair will relieve sex-tension in them both. This is before Ferrers has declared himself. But so far as the two lovers are concerned, the relation between Commander Ferrers and Karin Selby, though one of intensifying passion, is subordinated in both to their disinterested devotion to the task in hand; a devotion which naturally deepens the love between them. Certainly the atmosphere of the experimental station in Act II is not favourable to cool and prolonged calculations. Yet concentration is particularly urgent, for Lady Helston, jealous of Karin Selby and determined to humiliate Ferrers, has persuaded her husband, the admiral, to shorten impossibly the time he had allowed for a final trial of the aerial torpedo.

Act III: the trial has failed, and another man has lost his life. The torpedo which contains a mechanism by which it is attracted by the vibrations of any aeroplane, carries also a detonator which should explode it when those vibrations grow stronger by propinquity. This detonator has failed to respond. The First Lord turns up again to judge for himself if it is worth continuing experiments. And now the dramatist remembers his real theme! His hero must be shown to be a man whose faith in mathematics is a greater passion than his desire to complete successfully any invention however important. Therefore, for some quite inexplicable reason, the board of inquiry is represented as making it an absolute condition of continuing experiments that Ferrers should admit to error in his mathematical calculations! Ferrers is ready to admit the detonator did not work—that was obvious. But his passion for mathematics prevents him from saying that his calculations could not work. The situation (and incidentally civilisation) is saved by Miss Selby boldly declaring that *she* has found an error in them. Her fib receives the blessing of the First Lord (by the by a very poor reflection of the Balfourian Lord Evesham in *Waste*) who had never really lost faith in Ferrers' genius. But it shatters the latter's confidence in his beloved's single-minded devotion to scientific truth—until she confesses that she had very sensibly lied to get a further time-allowance from those idiots.

I know that critics of my type are often justly accused of clamouring for great themes on the stage, and then, when somebody attempts one—especially if he is a popular author—sneering at his work. I do not think, however, that I am open to that charge myself. I championed the plays of Maugham and Priestley before they were tolerated by the suspicious. So I trust my impression that Mr. Morgan has not understood deeply enough the passion he so rightly and enthusiastically values, to dramatise such a theme convincingly. Ferrers, so vigorously interpreted by Mr. Tearle, is a man of action, and so completely without the humility and self confidence of a man of thought that he won't marry the woman he loves till he has *proved* his genius: the wrong type for the theme. At the enormous praise which, however, his attempt has won him, in the words of George Robey's song, "I am more than surprised, I'm amazed." DESMOND MACCARTHY

CHINESE UMBRELLA

It kept on raining in Hankow and Wuchang, by the Yangtse,
A penetrating, cold, heavy rain
From dull skies above the lakes and hills.
But I walked to school along the hillside
By the lake, and I was neither wet nor dreary.
I wore an overcoat, I spread out my Chinese paper umbrella,
And walked on the sodden gravel road,
Looking up, expecting to see leaden clouds
Which were not there to see any more,
I saw only a soft bright light above me,
And shining streams running through rock gardens,
With trees and flowers, and two lovers
Walking among them in the sun under an umbrella.
So I was dry and happy on a miserable day
Because of the oiled paper umbrella,
Which opened for me the bright skies above
And showed me scenes more beautiful and real
Than any in dreams—heavenly Chinese magic, for 30 cents.

LEO HARVEY

FOLK SONG IN MARCH TIME

Yalta was having its first "black-out" since the British bombarded it during the Intervention. We all knew that the air-raid about to take place was a sham, but we felt a little afraid. The promenaders, looking like ghosts in their white holiday suits, spoke in whispers; occasionally a tense face would be illuminated by a cigarette-glow or the reflection of the searchlights.

Even when the sirens blared the all-clear, the fearfulness of the black-out continued, and nobody laughed or even smiled. Suddenly, a band of youths and girls, carrying a scarlet banner of the Ossoviakhim, swung onto the sea-front, singing harmoniously and defiantly the "Partisanskaya," the song of the partisans. In a moment, the mood of the streets changed. The song was echoed from the seats, from the balconies and the shops. The "Partisanskaya," typical of the heroic songs of the Soviet Union, was fulfilling the primitive function of music, to banish the spirit of fear and invoke the spirit of action.

The chief theme of Soviet song, as indeed of Soviet life, is work and defence. The popular songs of the earlier years of the Soviet Union were traditional revolutionary songs, sung by the international working class. Most of these were German; some were French. The only specifically Soviet songs were those like "All power to the Soviets," which emerged from the specific problems of the Soviet Union. The traditional folk-songs about Vanka, for example, who went in vain to seek a bride, were scarcely sung during the difficult years of the 1920's. The Five-Year Plans and Collectivisation provided the circumstances and opportunity for a characteristically Soviet song which was genuinely popular in origin as well as acceptance. The "Chassdushki"—couplets improvised on the affairs of daily life and sung to a simple tune in a communal gathering after work in factory or farm—is a form of folk-song, unique in modern Europe, although it is, of course,

still found among primitive peoples. As in bardic song, the leader of the Chassdushki invents his own themes, elaborates the suggestion of others or allows others to provide words for his music. The new club, the new tractor, the successful harvest, the work of chemical defence, the elimination of wreckers, these are the themes of the Soviet peasants and workers.

Although jazz music, as is well known, became immensely popular throughout the U.S.S.R., its function has been for dancing, not for song. There are no Soviet crooners. "Luni" and "Juni" rhyme in Russian as well as "moon" and "June" in English, but other themes are of greater interest to the Soviet worker. He sings:

Soviet land so dear to every toiler
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.

From great Moscow to the farthest border
From our Arctic seas to Dagestan
Everywhere man proudly walks as master of his own unbounded Fatherland.

Everywhere life courses freely, broadly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow
To our youth now every field is open, everywhere our old with honour go.

Fruitful fields where once were barren patches
Where was waste land, thriving cities hum.
On all tongues the proudest word is comrade
With it we all barriers overcome.
With this word throughout our mighty Union
All our people flourish free from strife
Side by side the Russian, Jew and Tartar
Build in peace a richer, better life.

Day by day our happy land advances
Bright our future as our flag above
No one else on earth so free from shadows
No one else so free to laugh and love.
But if any foe should try to crush us
Try to desolate our land so dear
Like the thunder, like the sudden lightning,
We shall give our answer sharp and clear.

Soviet popular song, like all song which springs from the people, celebrates achievements and honours heroes. Innumerable songs are sung about Budyonny and Voroshilov, not only by the Red Army men on the march but by workers in the canteens, the clubs and in the streets. War and victory and the Soviet Fatherland are the themes of these songs. Those who fear in this, latent Soviet militarism may reassure themselves. The enemy is not a national enemy—the Germans or the Japanese—but the class-enemy, the Whites and the Fascists. Hatred of aggression and determination to defend the Fatherland do not exclude devotion to the ideal of the Revolution. Consider this Red Cavalry song:

When the White Guards invaded and the Donbas was raided
In those grim, unforgettable years.
Swift our columns assembled
How the earth heaved and trembled
As we galloped with song and with cheers.

If to our peaceful borders
War again brings marauders
If the shrapnel once more scatters wide
With Voroshilov and Budyonny
As of old again we'll rally
The Red Cavalry Army will ride.

At the last Moscow trials it was charged against Rakovsky that he had encouraged the slander that the Russians are an idle dreamy people. Whether he did so or not, it is instructive to see how the gypsy song—the plaintive *tziganskaya pyesna* with its *tempo rubato* has been transformed under Soviet influence. The theme of the gypsy song was basically that of sexual passion, involving alternations of hope and despair and ending in frustration and defeat. The Soviet song "Kahovka," known throughout the U.S.S.R., has a typical gypsy melody, passing from nostalgic verse to an ardent chorus, but whereas the ardours of the traditional gypsy chorus used to centre around an explosion of sexual passion, the "Kahovka" chorus is an expression of heroic defiance.

Kahovka, Kahovka, old rifle remember
Fly fast, blazing bullet, fly true
Irkutsk and then Warsaw, Oriel and Kahovka
What places our cause led us through.
The rattle of bullets the thunder of battle
Machine guns so smoothly in play
And proudly in khaki, through flame-swept Kahovka
The girl that we loved made her way.

Chorus:
By daylight and darkness, through heat and through frost
We pushed on never once turning back.
We're peace-loving people, but our armoured train
Stands alert for the foe's first attack.

Remember dear comrade, how blindly we staggered
As round us the storm battered wild.
And then on us both through the dust and the smoke there
Her gentle blue eyes brightly smiled.
Remembering the days of our youth spent in struggle
Let's drink to the things we hold dear
Our land and that village
Kahovka unfading
The home of a girl now not here.

The songs about Stalin, like those about Lenin, bear the elaborate stamp of an individual creator, unlike the folk songs, which are simple, spontaneous and anonymous in style even when their composers are known. The songs of Stalin ring as though they were composed by a laureate.

From border to border o'er valley and mountain,
Where only the eagle sails proudly along
Of Stalin the wise, the dearly-beloved
The hearts of the people are weaving a song.

More swift than the eagle the song goes swinging
And sets the oppressor atrembling with fright.
No fortified outpost, no barbwired border
Can halt the clear music's unfaltering flight.

No whip and no bullet can smash it to silence
From trench and from barricade it proudly floats
The wheels of the rickshaw, the lips of the coolie
The plow of the peon all ring out its notes.

And raising the song like a conquering banner
The people unite for freedom and bread
And raising the song so inspiring and flaming
The people's front marches to struggle ahead.

And we who have conquered, we too sing it proudly
The Stalinist epoch we honour as one.
We sing of our new life, so happy and splendid
We sing of the joy of our victory's won.

From border to border o'er valley and mountain,
Where only the aeroplane's loud motor roars,
Of Stalin the wise, the dearly beloved
The song of the people triumphantly soars.

The tempo of the contemporary song is in march time, like the tempo of the songs of the Revolution. The youth of the U.S.S.R. has not known war, but if it is called to fight it will march, like the Yaltese youth during the sham air-raid, to defend the U.S.S.R., defiantly singing under a revolutionary banner its revolutionary song.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE MOVIES

"Vivacious Lady," at the Regal
"The Rage of Paris," at the Leicester Square
"This Man is News," at the Plaza

NOT for a long time has there been a feature film so perfect in its own way as *Vivacious Lady*. It only aspires to be light entertainment, but entertain it does, and so lightly and consistently that the audience sit in their stalls purring with pleasure. It is worth while considering the causes of our measureless content. First, the acting is exceptionally good; second, the dialogue is amusing without facetiousness; third,

the film is directed (by George Stevens) with a host of good qualities best summed up in the single word tact. The framework is purely farcical: Peter Morgan (James Stewart), botany instructor in a small provincial university, of which his father (Charles Coburn) is President, is sent to New York to find his irresponsible, whoopee-making cousin. He runs him down at a night-club paying assiduous attentions to a blonde singer (Ginger Rogers). The expected happens: the shy, serious young man is himself bowled over, the blonde is touched by his inarticulate passion, and by the end of an all-night whirlwind courtship the two are legally man and wife. The comedy derives from the difficulty of breaking this unwelcome news to the pompous President and of introducing a Broadway show-girl to the starchy college circles of Old Sharon. Tedious, "side-splitting" fun might have been extracted from this situation. Fortunately, however, the farcical plot is handled as though it were sober realism: the atmosphere of the provincial college is admirably suggested; James Stewart is very much what we might expect a young botany lecturer to be, while his parents, even his continually fainting mother, are played with such discretion that the joke seems three times as good as it would in more boisterous hands. The small parts are up to the very best Hollywood standard. Franklin Pangborn, doomed for all time to be a shop-walker or a reception clerk, once again parries unwelcome intruders with his inimitable blend of servility, apprehension and petulance. A quarrelsome married couple in the train provide a delicious five minutes. As for Ginger Rogers, always a favourite of mine, she is no less brilliant than she was in *Stage Door*. Watch how neatly, by sheer good acting and good timing, she saves a hair-pulling, face-slapping scene from vulgarity and almost turns it into high comedy.

Danielle Darrieux, who won a wide popularity in *Mayerling* (revived this week at the Carlton, by the way), has been snapped up by Hollywood, where she has acquired a rather taking American accent and the ability to fool about in outsize pyjamas as though to the crazy manner born. *The Rage of Paris* aims also at light entertainment, but in spite of some good jokes and Mischa Auer, it falls far short of *Vivacious Lady* by doing what schoolboys, with their merciless accuracy, call "trying to be funny." The point about *Vivacious Lady* is that its characters, caught in a farcical net, seem to be trying *not* to be funny—which is of course far funnier. In *This Man is News* England springs a pleasant surprise on us all by succeeding in a line hitherto regarded as exclusively American—the newshound-comedy-drama. England? I should have said Scotland, for this film was made, at a very low cost, by a bevy of Macs. It was directed by David MacDonald, and the story was written by two Scots journalists, Allan Mackinnon and Roger MacDougall. It concerns a crime reporter (Barry Barnes) who, convinced that a discharged convict will be murdered by his gang on release, loses his job because this obsession interferes with his work. He gets drunk, telephones a fictitious story of the murder to his editor, and then finds that the murder was really committed a few hours later. Naturally both police and gang transfer their attentions to him. The action is continually exciting and amusing, Barry Barnes excellent in a Thin Man part, Valerie Hobson, as his wife, rather too near *Punch* in her humour (though for that her lines are partly to blame). But the cream of the picture is Alistair Sim's news editor, a deliciously comic assumption of professional incredulity, bluster and uncertainty. And the cost of this film was just one-twentieth that of *Marco Polo*—concerning which silence is best.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Massine's Ballet at Covent Garden

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo Company, which was at Drury Lane, has now, after a short holiday, come to Covent Garden for a brief season, which opened last Monday night. Alicia Markova was the Queen of the Swans in *Le Lac des Cygnes*, of which the company gave an excellent performance. Markova has a splendid technique and her detail is particularly exact and polished; but she is rather charmless in certain parts. Technique may make a *prima ballerina* but not a *prima ballerina assoluta*. The Massine "Seventh Symphony" on further acquaintance leaves much the same impression as before. The second movement is the most successful and one may everywhere admire Christian Berard's setting and costumes. But the feeling remains that Massine has gone astray in his interpretation of this symphony. His interpretation of the last movement (so exhilarating and triumphant in its expression!) as a picture of the world plunged in sin and destroyed by fire flies absolutely in the face of the music. Toumanova was delightful in *Le Spectre de la Rose* and a lively performance of the brilliant *Gaité Parisienne* with Massine's superb dancing concluded a programme that was full measure for balletomanes.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, September 10th—
- London Conference for Action in Defence of the Victims of Aggression, organised by the International Peace Campaign, Kingsway Hall, 2.30.
- Westminster Branch of the W.E.A. Reunion, Common Room, London University, 7.

MONDAY, September 12th—
- "Glorious Morning" (transfer), Whitehall.

TUESDAY, September 13th—
- "Serena Blandish," Gate.

WEDNESDAY, September 14th—
- Public Meeting on Jamaica, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 8.
- "Dear Octopus," Queens.
- "The Last Trump," Duke of Yorks.

THURSDAY, September 15th—
- Protest Meeting Against the Bombing of British Ships Trading to Spain. Speakers include D. N. Pritt and John Langdon-Davies, Kingsway Hall, 8.
- "Paprika," His Majestys.

FRIDAY, September 16th—
- London Gardens Society Summer Exhibition, Horticultural Hall, 2.30–9. And on September 17th, 10–6.30.
- "Henry V," Drury Lane.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN books of physiology the human organism is often likened to a steam engine—consuming fuel, generating power, which is used in locomotion, in gathering fresh supplies of fuel, and in maintaining a regular temperature, etc. Magnify the simile by millions to cover human society and imagine that all the little puff-puffs are interconnected with steam pipes, so that the surplus power from each may be combined for social purposes. Obviously the puff-puffs differ very much in construction and in efficiency. There are old Newcomen engines, single-stroke and reciprocating models, and superheated turbines fitted with economisers. Some are coupled up so that all their surplus energy finds a useful outlet—others so badly constructed that though their flywheels idle, the internal pressure is likely to make them go pop at any moment. But since safety-valves are fitted, in most cases we can tell where the strain is highest by looking about for the screeching clouds of escaping steam. The psychologists, who are the powerless engineers permitted to theorise, but forbidden to interfere, would probably tell us that in the human puff-puff the escape of moisture, steam or humour prevents the explosions and relieves the strains. Blowing-off steam is the great human joke and safeguard. Thus in any human society we can tell where the strain is greatest by seeing where steam is blowing off, or jokes are being made. Among a politically free people like the English, who are enslaved to certain social conventions, such as the family, we should expect to find humour concentrated round the family, as indeed we do. In politically enslaved countries we should expect the strain to be greatest where the individual's liberty of output is infringed—and so we find the whispered political joke running round Germany like wildfire. In general we can distinguish two main forms of humour, corresponding to the two main forms of maladjustment, which require different types of safety valve. The first is designed to relieve the interior (psychological) strains of the individual; the second, social maladjustments, due to inefficient use of the surplus power of mankind. As an example of the interior psychological safety-valve, we cannot do better than to take some of James Thurber's stories—such as *A Box To Hide In*, or of his drawings of a protean man and a protean woman, whose amophous shapes fit our souls as though made to measure. The second type is admirably illustrated by the little jokes of doctors, and judges in the courts. In primitive societies the interior psychological safety-valve does not appear to have been much developed: people either had no repressions, or else cheerfully gave themselves up to seeing visions, defying devils, and mortifying the flesh. But a study of monkish literature would perhaps reveal a lot of humour of the Thurber kind. For the most part, however, primitive humour seems to have been of the other sort—designed to relieve the social strains of tyrannies, and the frustration of whole classes in the community. The results are satires, fables of King Log and King Stork, stories of comic kings with insatiable appetites, metamorphoses. All over the world the manual worker is always blowing off steam in absurd anecdotes at the expense of the imbecile boss or foreman who gives impossible orders. Such safety valves are essential to all armies, and in countries like Germany where orders descend upon everyone from above. Another form of the social safety-valve is needed in the relations of people who are afraid of being intimate, or serious, or for some reason have to avoid real intimacy. The relationship of commercial traveller and shopkeeper, and of most middle-class children with their parents and vice versa, are examples.

* * *

What is called "crazy humour" is always, I think, of the first kind—a safety valve for the individual who is likely to go pop without it. The work of James Thurber and the films acted and concocted by the Marx Brothers give the individual release, and have led to the belief that American humour is all of this type. But this is not the case. Thurber's sketch *A Box To Hide In* is pretty near madness, just as is Swift's account of the Brobdingnagian ladies of honour. But while Gulliver relieves the individual's sense of strain, Mickey Mouse is usually a social satire. The idea that all humour is in its nature "crazy" and that humorists are crazier than other people is commonly held in America to-day. It crops up in the way in which the work of Gene Fowler is received—he is congratulated on his "daffiness," etc. Actually *Onward Trolley*, illustrated by James Arnold (Dent, 8*s.* 6*d.*), his first book to be published in England, is not in the slightest degree crazy. It is simply an extremely amusing satire, and does very much for the oratorical westerner of the Rocky Mountains what Daudet did in *Tartarin de Tarascon* for the meridional. The chief difference is that Trolley, while the central figure, is by no means the chief target of Fowler's satire. He is indeed in many ways comparable to the comic hero Don Quixote—and the sympathy of the author and reader is always on his side, as against the forces of law, order and political corruption symbolised by Mayor Gano Pratt, Colonel Steele, who is donating a carillon of bells, paid for out of the graft of a lifetime, and Chief of Police McCool. When one of the reporters of *The Herald* tries to see McCool he is denied admittance, but allowed to look through the keyhole of his room by the sergeant on duty, who tells him the chief is busy with the results of a slot machine raid that morning.

> "I used this keyhole to get evidence against the late chief Moriarity," he whispered. "Take a look." Speaks put his eye to the aperture. He saw Chief McCool, his coat off, a burglar's crowbar in his grasp, prying and pounding at a slot machine. After a mighty tussle, the machine—one of several that lay like derelicts on the floor—gave a metallic groan. The money-box surrendered; the coins cascaded on the carpet. . . . Suddenly he dipped among the quarters, seized a lead slug, examined it incredulously and let out an enraged roar. "The dirty crook! The dirty, cheap crook, to do that!"

Such a passage is not particularly funny in countries where such things don't happen. But it becomes extraordinarily delightful where they do. And the Western metropolis satirised by Gene Fowler has a good deal in common with that Russian provincial town at which Gogol's Inspector-General suddenly made his appearance, throwing all the forces of respectability and of corruption into wild confusion.

* * *

The gallant Captain Trolley, free-thinker and Voltairean, survives by a miracle in these surroundings of a pushing Western town. His frame shack, originally built on the edge of a small lake in the woods, is now hemmed in by boulevards and lawns, and he is perpetually at war with all about him, perpetually bringing out the magnificent phrases which make Trolley's *History of the West* such wonderful reading:

> I love women. I have gladly exchanged the ambitious world for the mere privilege of looking at the moon through the gossamer of their tresses.

Captain Trolley provides whatever slender thread of plot the book possesses. It is he who denounces Colonel Steele alive, and is arrested for his murder, and admits to it in the belief that it was committed by his old flame Magda. After his acquittal the Captain builds a crazy float to represent the Monitor on which he was a powder-monkey during the Civil War, on Memorial Day. It capsizes and catches fire when discharging its torpedoes at the grand-stand, and when Trolley is angrily asked "to get out of the way there," he declaims magnificently:

> Shall we ever see the Indian tents again? The signal smoke rising? The bison herds in stampede? . . . . Sir, I pass by your shoddy comments as they pertain to me—an old man. . . . But I am much more than an old man clinging to a dream. I am, sir, a pioneer. I want no milk-fed favours from you or your sons. No rewards, no pensions, no doles. I demand courtesy for our dying few, and respect for our many dead.

For a moment sympathy and admiration touch us—before we burst with laughter. For above all things in satire the noble, the heroic and the pure in heart have also to be laughed at—since they impose an intolerable strain upon us. Captain

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Trolley in the last page of the book is seated inside the family tomb which he has constructed with the inscription *There Is No God* on it, to shock the respectable and corrupt, and after a speech to the shade of his dead son, apostrophises his late wife :

> Madam, I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me. I have disinherited your daughter.

The only inheritance the Captain had to leave was a place in the vault itself. DAVID GARNETT

MARLBOROUGH IN ECLIPSE

Marlborough, His Life and Times. Vol. IV. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. *Harrap.* 25*s.*

If proof were needed that Mr. Churchill can write a good book, it could be found in the fact that, of his four volumes of ancestor-worship, the last is at least as well worth while as any of the others. The most diligent reader might be excused for thinking that well over sixteen hundred pages of sustained gusto and sometimes vociferous championship are more than enough to trounce the traducers and celebrate the feats even of the hero of Blenheim and Ramillies. But if he perseveres to the end of another six hundred and fifty he will get his reward. John Churchill deftly climbing his ladder, and the great duke waving his magic wand over the battlefields and council-chambers of Europe are both, he knows, first-rate material for the grand style of historical narrative. He will find that Mr. Churchill can make just as good a story out of that third phase of his subject's career, which might seem bound to land its chronicler in a quagmire of anticlimax—the phase of Malplaquet and Utrecht, of dismissal and exile, of physical breakdown and senility. The invincible soldier and diplomat is brought at last to bay and pulled down by the yelping pack he had so often outrun. And the result is to give the great man in eclipse just that redeeming touch of dignity with which not all his qualities, tact, coolness, ingenuity, patience and promptitude, not all his genius for war and politics, could endow him in the days of his rise and ascendancy.

What a contrast he makes, ageing and wearied, to those who combined to rob him of the fruits of his victories ! There is the " cluster of magnificoes " in Europe, now " bearing him shoulder-high on their own courses," once his very triumphs had destroyed the cement of fear which had held the alliance together and given him control. And there are the politicians and bigwigs at home, whose " obscure intrigues upon the backstairs and around the couch of Queen Anne " weighed so much more heavily in determining the final result of the war even than the fortitude of Louis XIV and the magnificent efforts of French arms. There is that " sodden, indolent, but none the less tough and crafty politician," Harley, " the man of slow-burning zeal and shuffling skill," and much the abler of the " two evil counsellers " who led the " tottering Anne " to shame and disaster. Of the other, the " brilliant, fugitive rascal " St. John, " prone to bully or grovel with equal facility according to circumstances or mood," Mr. Churchill makes no attempt to conceal his scorn. At the Queen's death,

> During forty-eight hours Bolingbroke possessed plenary power at a cardinal point in English history. What did he mean to do ? Had he a clear resolve, equal to the emergency, for which he was prepared to die or kill ? " Harry " was never of that stuff. There was no Cromwell in him ; there was no Stanhope. He dawdled, he wavered, he crumpled. More than that, his luck ran out.

And there are those two portentous noblemen, the Dukes of Somerset and Shrewsbury. " Harley knew all about the Duke of Somerset. For more than a year he was led to believe that he might become the head of some great Ministry, truly national, combining the best of all parties for causes with which, until they were defined, none would disagree." " We are witnessing," Mr. Churchill comments drily, " an early eighteenth century example of the process, familiar to twentieth century democracy in every land, by which a pretentious, imposing mediocrity can be worked up into a national leader."

Shrewsbury had a different rôle, as Lord Chamberlain he was in Harley's sly fingers the " very man of all others to break the Whig phalanx."

> Noble in the technical sense, of vast wealth, bland, affable but remote, detached from his surroundings, disdainful of politics, with his historic and formidable record, he had brooded for years among the monuments, pleasures and cosmopolitan society of Rome.

But he had also of late wedded " an Italian lady, whose precious morals had not escaped gossip or even scandal and whose manners were in all quarters judged lively to the point of being deplorable." It was his desire to carry this lady " into the forefront of haughty English society " which prompted her august consort to return home in time to play a vital part in the fall of Marlborough.

Of such a kidney were the gang whose reply to the victory of Malplaquet and that miracle of strategy, the forcing of the Ne Plus Ultra lines in Brabant, was the peculation charge of 1712 and England's desertion of her allies at Utrecht. No wonder Mr. Churchill enjoys himself as he exposes their machinations, and no wonder their victim, almost as unruffled and inarticulate under their insults and injuries as he had ever been under the shot and shell of his country's enemies, looms the larger the more they belittle him ! So the great task is brought to its end, and Mr. Churchill's enthusiasm for his ancestor is proved to have survived what must have been a searching test. The long-guarded archives of Blenheim have added some points to the story and some touches to the portrait, but the substance of both is what it was before this book was written. What is new is the pugnacity and resourcefulness with which Marlborough is defended from criticisms as well as from slander and the sweep and power of the narrative by which his achievements are commemorated. KENNETH BELL

THE NONSENSE VERSE OF LEAR

The Lear Omnibus. Edited by R. L. MEGROZ. *Nelson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

To begin with—why *Omnibus ?* Just inside the dust-cover its publishers have printed an announcement that *The Lear Omnibus* offers " the best of Lear's stuff in one handy volume " ; but then, an Omnibus is usually understood to mean a complete collection, and, apart from the fact that this book does not include by any means the whole body of Edward Lear's nonsense prose and verse, it omits to notice at least two of his finest efforts. The delightful autobiographical poem *How Pleasant to Know Mr. Lear !* occurs only fragmentarily during the course of Mr. R. L. Megroz's introduction ; while Lear's admirers will search in vain for that strange figure, the poet's Aged Uncle Arly, with the cricket chirruping its burden of frustration upon his nose and the unused railway ticket prominently displayed in the band of his hat. Otherwise, the design of the book is admirable. Mr. Megroz's rather pedestrian foreword may add little to our appreciation of Lear's talent ; his commentary errs on the side of facetiousness ; but one is grateful for so much Lear at so modest a price. It was a sensible plan to distribute the limericks among the longer poems, and to relieve the poems with examples of his fantastic draughtsmanship.

Mr. Megroz's book forms a useful supplement to Mr. Angus Davidson's. Through the latter we have learned something of the temperament of this energetic and sociable but moody and (at times) profoundly unhappy man : the former shows his brilliant escape into the world of fantasy. Lear and Lewis Carroll are often compared ; but any serious comparison of the two writers reveals so many fundamental dissimilarities as to be hardly worth sustaining. Carroll's imagination was precise and a trifle macabre. His work is full of memorable but (if one considers them afresh, free from the prepossessions left behind by childhood) now and then slightly sinister and forbidding images. There is the Red King, asleep under a tree in his tall nodding night-cap, his snores reverberating through the whole wood—he is dreaming of Alice, says her companion : when he wakes up she will disappear. And there is the poor bewildered White Queen for whom time moves backward. The heroine herself is a strangely callous girl ; she is fit company for the monsters she meets on her travels and remains unperturbed when the baby she is nursing turns into a sucking pig. The effect produced by Carroll's fantasies is an extremely objective one. Every detail is clear and circumstantial : every picture that emerges is sharp and positive. How different is the atmosphere of Lear's nonsense verse ! It is obvious, for example, that had Lear written the ballad of the Walrus and the Carpenter, and of their really hideous deception of the innocent oysters, the fate of the oysters would have provoked an outburst of romantic melancholy. That melancholy would have been echoed in cadence and rhythm. Whereas we read Carroll as we read certain eighteenth-century poems, delighting in the clarity and precision of the diction, in the neatness with which epithet succeeds to epithet, for Lear we reserve the same voice as we use for Tennyson—for *The Lotus Eaters* or *Marianna of the Moated Grange*. Handled by Lear, every theme becomes elegiac. His own life was haunted by a sense of frustration ; and that frustration

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Full page review in "Evening Standard"; page review in "John o'London's Weekly" by Philip Page; page review in "New Statesman and Nation" by C. E. M. Joad; two-page review in "The Freethinker" by Chapman Cohen; three-page review in "Light" by H. F. Prevost Battersby—this is an outstanding book on Psychic Research that you really must read. 10s. 6*d. net.*

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found its deepest utterance in his nonsense verse, since only writing nonsense could he forget his shyness. Thus, the Pobble loses his toes: the Dong his sweetheart: the Jumblies sail far away to the Isles of the West: while the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo, thwarted and miserable, bids an heroic and eternal farewell to the woman he loves.

Lear's connection with Tennyson (very unlike Carroll's indebtedness to the writers he parodied) has been commented on at some length by his biographer; and if we put certain lines of Tennyson's, addressed, as it happens, to Lear himself:

> Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
> Of water, sheets of summer glass,
> The long divine Peneian pass,
> The vast Akrokeraunian walls. . . .

side by side with, for instance, the turbulent opening passage of *The Dong with a Luminous Nose* or the nostalgic closing stanzas of *The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo*, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Lear—not Tennyson—achieved the more genuinely romantic accent.

As a contrast to Lear in his romantic and nostalgic vein, I am sorry that Mr. Megroz, among his other omissions, should have failed to include that exhilarating expedition into sheer nonsense quoted by Mr. Davidson:

> Mrs. Jaypher found a wafer
> Which she stuck upon a note;
> This she took and gave the cook.
> Then she went and bought a boat
> Which she paddled down the stream
> Shouting: "Ice produces cream,
> Beer when churned produces butter!
> Henceforth all the words I utter
> Distant ages thus shall note—
> From the Jaypher Wisdom-Boat."

It is to Mr. Megroz's credit, nevertheless, that he reproduces in his misnamed *Omnibus* Lear's fascinating series of imaginary flowers, an assemblage of twenty illustrations calculated to make the wildest imaginings of M. Salvador Dali and M. Max Ernst seem tame and conventional. Some of these plants—such as the *Guittara Pensilis* and *Baccopipia Gracilis*—are depicted with the grace and simplicity of an old-fashioned herbal: others, which burgeon out into cockatoos, parakeets, currant-buns, bluebottles, fish, tea-kettles, hens and chickens and thick fringes of tiny pendant human figures, have a lunatic ingenuity that is almost terrifying. Like the mandrake, they would shriek indignantly at the hand that touched them, or would simper and giggle like the talkative blossoms in Firbank's flower shop.

PETER QUENNELL

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EUROPEAN LUNACY, 1919—1937

Foreign Affairs, 1919 to 1937. By E. L. HASLUCK. *Cambridge University Press.* 8s. 6d.

This is a quite sensible survey of a very lunatic period in world-history. Some people may object (I can hear Bertrand Russell doing so, for example) that all periods in world-history are pretty lunatic. But that is an extreme view, and there are stronger reasons than usual for regarding the conduct of affairs, and events themselves in the post-war period, as more befitting a madhouse than a society of sane men.

Mr. Hasluck describes his book, very truly, as "a mere outline"; considering the ground he covers, world affairs outside the British Empire since the Treaty of Versailles, it could hardly be anything else. And it is a little difficult to see for what audience precisely it is intended; those who are really interested in international affairs will require much more detail, while those who are not seriously interested will hardly want to read this book. It is uneven, some chapters being very much better than others; that on Russia is, rather surprisingly, good; Germany and Italy are also quite well dealt with, except that Mr. Hasluck is too enthusiastic about Mussolini and gives Italian Fascism credit for achievements that are still doubtful. The treatment of Spain is quite inadequate; it is fantastic to write about the Civil War and say nothing about Italian and German intervention.

Mr. Hasluck seems to have a quite inadequate appreciation of the horror of what has happened to our post-war world, the ruin of what hopes, the destruction of what was being achieved, the awful lowering of standards all round, the resort to violence and barbarism of supposedly civilised nations, the threat that the future has in store for us all. And there is a fundamental failing in the approach, not peculiar to Mr. Hasluck, but general in bourgeois thought, in terms of nations, making "France" or "Great Britain" responsible for the Treaty of Versailles or the invasion of the Ruhr or what not, when it is only too clearly the French or British governing classes who are responsible. Our governing classes are wonderfully generous in sharing the mistakes that they made with us who did not make them, now that they see to what they have led us. The hypocrisy of "We are all to blame for it," etc., when if these people had listened to the representations of the European Left before it was too late, we should not have been brought to the pass we are in to-day! Now that it is too late Lord Lothian has discovered (*pace* the *Times*) that it is the existing system of nation-state sovereignty which is at the root of our troubles, and that only some international order can save us. Why didn't they see this before?

But if there has been one thing that equalled the criminality of the Right in these years, it has been the idiocy of the Left, which has thrown away opportunity after opportunity, allowed itself to be divided in face of the enemy, even rejoiced in sectarian quarrels when (poor fools!) it was about to be destroyed—this is what stands out in the mind of a reflective reader from Mr. Hasluck's sober story. There is no doubt about the effectiveness, the sense of power, alas, of the Right. There is nothing that they will stop short of when their power is challenged. The cooking of elections and the carefully devised propaganda came first. When these are not enough there is always panic to resort to or financial sabotage; witness 1931 in Great Britain, or France whenever there is a Left government; witness the Reichstag fire. When that is insufficient, there is always brute force and murder; witness Mussolini and Hitler: that is what Fascism is for. But it is the stupidity, the complete lack of a sense of power in the Left, that has given them their opportunity.

It would seem then that these categories of political lunacy or not are more appropriate than those of Right and Left to the circumstances of these years. For though virtue was on the side of the Left, they threw away the best causes in the world by their ineptitude: social justice and progress, international order, peace. And though the Right is certainly not lunatic—would that

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it were !—it is much more wicked. Nor is it any consolation to reflect that things have gone all right (or comparatively all right) in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Turkey, New Zealand, Iceland, and for all I know, Greenland; for unfortunately the course of world politics is not much affected by what happens in them. One's heart grows sick as one reads the record of these post-war years in Mr. Hasluck's sober, insensitive narrative.

A. L. ROWSE

A LIVELY PILGRIMAGE

In the Steps of Moses the Conqueror. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

Two years ago Louis Golding set out with two companions to follow in the steps of Moses and the Children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land. Last year he published the record of the journey from the Nile to Mount Sinai, and had as his hero Moses the Lawgiver. Now he has recorded the journey from Mount Sinai to the Jordan, and has as his eponymous hero Moses the Conqueror. But the central figure of the narrative is Louis Golding, the adventurer—in the best sense of the term. He explains at the outset: "It was not the second part of the journey we were making, but a new journey different in mood." The first book described the exodus of fugitives; and, sympathetically, the chronicler was anxious, not quite certain of his road. The second book describes the advance of a people towards a certain goal; and, sympathetically, the chronicler is full of confidence and of zest. He has got into his stride. Travelling for the most part in a motor car more speedily than his ancestors, his way leads across Sinai to Akaba, and then through the Lands of Edom, Moab and Ammon, now become the Emirate of Transjordan. He visits Petra, Maan, Shobek and Tafileh, Kerak, Madeba and Amman. Those are romantic names, and they are placed in a romantic country. They have often been described before; but never, perhaps, more vividly and vitally through a mixture of traditional lore with the zest for observing the manners and speech of the people.

The track of Moses seems, indeed, to be a secondary interest; and the occasional disquisitions about the identity of places and the excursions into scholarship are almost irrelevant. The journey is the thing. The touch of adventure is given by the suspicion, aroused in his Arab hosts, that Louis Golding is a Jew; and the journey, be it remembered, is made in the year 1936. He bears with him a letter of Sir Ronald Storrs, which is meant to be a talisman, but which threatens to betray him. The danger never passes beyond words, and the adventure is more literary than physical. But Golding finds a third theme for his abundant enthusiasm, beyond Moses and his own motor caravan. He seizes on the heroic figure of T. E. Lawrence, and is captivated by the parallel of the march of Lawrence and his Arabs with the march of Moses and the Children of Israel. He gives passages from Lawrence's story; talks with English comrades of Lawrence, who are now in the Government service of Transjordan; transcribes Arab conversations about Lawrence, and he produces a living, human Lawrence.

The outstanding excellence of the book is the description of the country and of its inhabitants. Golding makes us feel the kinship of the Arabs of the desert and the sown with the peoples of the Bible. And he can record as faithfully as Doughty, though with much less profound knowledge, the talk of the Arab. Ignorant of Arabic, except for a few words—that are repeated a little wearisomely—he picks up their speech from village schoolmasters, half educated in English, who are the link between two civilisations:

> "She has no husband now," regretted Ibrahim.
>
> "What, she has had a husband already?"
>
> "Not one. Four. Excuse me. She is naughty girl. So one husband say go! Two husband say go! Three husband say go! Four husband say go! Now she has no husband!"

The places are made as vivid as the people. Thus, of Petra, often pictured in brilliant language, he notes the beauty, the completeness, the loneliness, the strangeness:

> Petra is a place of strange gods, and the dead worshipped as gods, as little Jewish in mood as Christian.

Of the Sik, the amazing gorge which leads to the city:

> The colour does not unfold slowly, like the first bars of an overture. You enter with one step into the heart of the movement, all the instruments in full career.

And of the Crusading castle of Shobek, looking strange and alien on its hilltop:

> It was of a solidity repugnant to the desert, where fleetness and transportability are the virtues that count—not thick boots, but the naked feet, not beams and stone walls, but goat-hair tents.

In fine, Louis Golding has written a lively book, and has found the scene in which he can display varied qualities, his humour and his eloquence, his sympathy with all manner of men and his Hebraic tradition imbibed in his father's home. He leaves us sorry that the pilgrimage comes to an end at the mountain where Moses died. His skill as a photographer is comparable with his skill as a word-painter. The pictures of the desert, the marches and the villages of Transjordan, and of the Bedou and Fellah Arab add to the vividness of the book. NORMAN BENTWICH

THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Mediterranean in Politics. By ELIZABETH MONROE. *Oxford Press.* 10s.

Mediterranean Cross-Currents. By MARGRET BOVERI. Translated by LOUISA SIEVEKING. *Oxford Press.* 21s.

Until Mr. Macartney's recent book on *Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy*, there was, as far as I know, no serious study in English of Mussolini's imperialism. Mr. Macartney's excellent book is now supplemented by two others which deal with the Mediterranean situation as a whole. They are both by women, who have equipped themselves by personal visits and inquiries on the European, African and Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean. They agree in regarding the Abyssinian conflict as the turning point of British-Italian rivalry, and they both examine the strategic position in the Mediterranean, the problems of nascent nationalism among the Arab peoples, the rise and position of Turkey and the problem of Palestine. Neither of these books deals at all adequately with the Spanish situation. Miss Boveri's book was originally published in Germany a year ago; it has now been translated and furnished with a valuable collection of maps and an introduction bringing its thesis up to date. Miss Boveri has specialised more particularly in problems of strategy, but, being an Italian by birth and even now the foreign editor of an important German daily paper, she naturally avoids controversial questions about Nazi ambitions in the Mediterranean, and is inclined to an excessive

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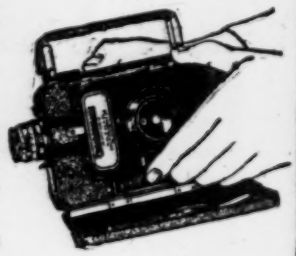

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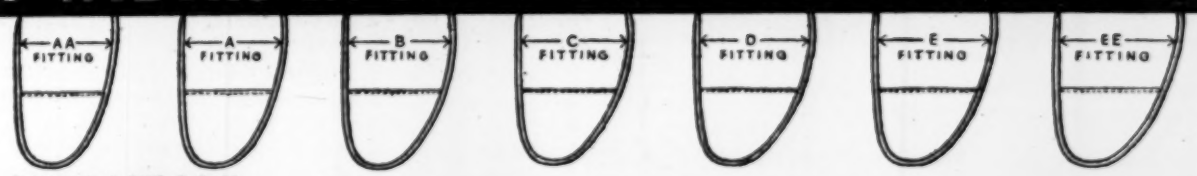

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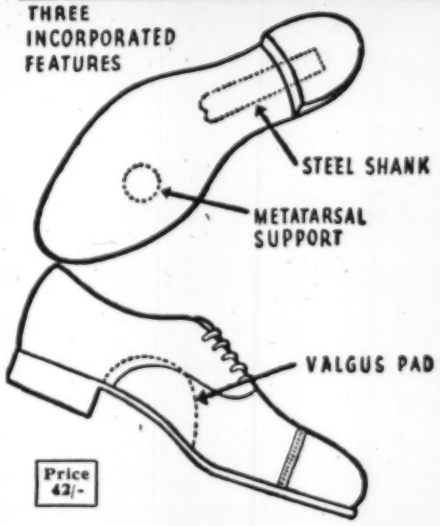

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admiration for the achievements of the Duce. She assumes a permanent breach in the traditional friendship of Britain and Italy. In a short war for position Italy with her mobile armies and enthusiasm would win; in any prolonged struggle the greater resources of even a weakly led Britain would mean disaster for Italy. One can see why Miss Boveri avoids the far more complicated problem, which she could scarcely discuss in Germany, of Italy's position in a world war. But it is clearly in her mind. In an eloquent and beautiful introductory passage she contrasts the peaceful Mediterranean, until recently regarded as an El Dorado for the tourist, the safe highway for commerce and the established centre of ancient culture, with the present Mediterranean where every dreaming island bristles with guns, every valley of the olive-clad hills is an actual or potential aerodrome, and every port a jealously guarded fuelling base. In this English edition she explains that she did not mean to imply that Britain was too decadent to defend her own interests, even though Mussolini successfully called her bluff in 1935.

Miss Monroe naturally approaches these problems from a different angle. She also pays a tribute to Mussolini's ability and success, but she writes as a moderate British imperialist. She discusses in turn British, French and Italian interests. Much of the information she gleaned in Tunis, Morocco and Algeria will be new to most English readers, and her chapter on Turkey shows a great admiration for Ataturk. "All Turkey needs," she writes, "is fifty years of peace." Two of the main keys to Britain's position lie, she holds, in the Mediterranean—her relations with Italy and the future of Palestine. Her study of the Palestinian situation is particularly full and interesting, and it is possible that she over-emphasises its importance to Great Britain. She holds that the eastern Mediterranean is more important than the west. Cyprus, Egypt and the Haifa pipe-line would still remain in British control by way of the Suez, even if the Straits of Gibraltar were no longer a safe British route. Money, she thinks, may yet retrieve British fortunes in Cyprus and Malta, where she found the populations more desirous than ever of maintaining British protection. The Palestine position she regards as extremely dangerous to Britain, and writes that, "in the pass to which Palestine has brought her, the unequivocal definition of her intentions seems to be the only means of recapturing the reputation she has already lost. Come what may in the way of recriminations, she will at least retain a certain respect if she ceases to beat about the bush, and presents the world with a policy which is frankly based on that soundest and best understood of all aims—the improvement of her own security." Miss Monroe, it will be seen, takes a highly "realistic" view. "To sum up then: diplomatic influence, imperialist strategy, national prosperity, a sense of obligation to the Jews. These reasons, in order of importance, help to explain why Great Britain is quitting nothing in the Mediterranean."

What does one deduce from these books about Italy's probable position in the event of a world war? In 1915 she was bribed from the Triple Alliance into the Triple Entente; that could scarcely happen to-day in spite of, or perhaps because of, British persistence in attempting to buy her in the last two years. For Mussolini is now in the Rome-Berlin Axis for reasons of necessity; he could not risk a German army crossing the Brenner. Italy, strategically well established, highly armed and resolutely led, is in a far stronger position to exact terms and perhaps even to seize territory than she was in 1914. Naturally, books which for reasons of study isolate the Mediterranean problem from the broader issues of European peace tend to assume the probability of war between Italy and Britain. This may come, but the history of Italy and Mussolini's "purposeful imperialism" rather suggest that he would use the occasion for blackmail, perhaps seizing or at least demanding Tunis and getting a free hand in Spain as the price of neutrality.

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MUTINIES AT SEA

Sailors' Rebellion: A Century of Naval Mutinies. By J. G. BULLOCKE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

In spite of its social, literary, and artistic brilliance, the eighteenth century was in many ways a harsh and brutal age. This was particularly so in the Navy, where punishment (in the shape of flogging) was inflicted for the most trivial offence, and men were driven to the verge of insanity by the relentless brutality of some of the officers. Mr. Bullocke's book covers six of the outstanding mutinies of that century, which culminated in the great revolts at Spithead and the Nore in 1797. The author, who is a lecturer at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, writes well, and his pleasing and fluent style will appeal to the general reader. He brings vividly before our eyes the whole moving story of these unfortunate episodes, and has rightly given close attention to their psychological aspect. Few would care to dispute his assertion that "there is more to be learnt from the study of naval mutinies of the past than might appear at first sight."

The first is that of Admiral Benbow's officers in 1702. His name has come down to us almost as a household word, but we know very little about him, except from the pious pen of his son-in-law, whose statements must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. Fortunately, Mr. Bullocke has had access to some recently discovered, papers, which adds to the value of his book. In 1702 Benbow was Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies. He had a difficult job, and equally difficult captains, although he appears to have been ignorant of their animosity towards him. The French under Du Casse were cruising off Carthagena, and were sighted by Benbow on the 19th of August. At daybreak on the following day he found himself very near the enemy, but totally unsupported except for Captain Walton of the *Ruby*. From the 21st to the 24th there was the same reluctance on the part of his captains to join in the action, the *Ruby* and *Falmouth* only supporting the flagship. The former was disabled on the 23rd, and on the 24th Benbow had his right leg shattered by a chain-shot. Although mortally wounded, his magnificent pluck never deserted him, and it was not until Kirkby, of the *Defiance*, and the others came into his cabin and urged him to give up the pursuit, that he was forced to return to Jamaica. Benbow's spectacular end brought him immortal fame. His officers were brought to a court martial and suffered accordingly; one was cashiered, two were shot, and a fourth died before the trial. It has been asserted that the mutiny was due to Benbow's temper and want of tact; he was curt, imperious, and harsh. This is one of the most mysterious episodes in our naval history, and the author is forced to the conclusion that "a full explanation of it will never be forthcoming." The principal figures flit across the stage like ghosts, and the figure of Du Casse sitting in his dimly

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lighted cabin penning his gracious, but unbelievable, letter to Benbow (reproduced in all naval histories) is the most ghostly of them all.

Mr. Bullocke has other entertaining and thrilling narratives in his book. There is, for instance, the mutiny of the *Hermione* in 1797. Her captain was Hugh Pigot, son of Admiral Hugh Pigot, a former Lord of the Admiralty, who is spoken of "as a man with little experience as a captain, and none as an admiral." Pigot the younger entered the Navy in 1782, and in July, 1797, was posted to the *Hermione* frigate of 32 guns. The ship had a good record of service, and there is no evidence that her crew were disaffected before Pigot assumed command. Within two months she was far from a happy ship. On the evening of September 21st when the men were reefing topsails, this semi-lunatical commander stormed at the men aloft, and swore that he would flog the last man down from the mizzen-topsail yard. The two outermost men, in their hurry to avoid the punishment, fell from aloft, and were killed on the quarter-deck. "Throw the lubbers overboard!" was the only comment from this sadistic monster. That same night the crew, driven to a maddened frenzy, mutinied, and murdered Pigot and his officers.

The other mutinies which complete this interesting volume comprise that of the *Wager*, which was cast away on the coast of Patagonia in 1741, the crew claiming that from the moment of shipwreck (their pay having ceased) they were no longer subject to naval discipline. Then there is the well-known episode of the *Bounty* in 1789, in which Mr. Bullocke endeavours to hold the balance evenly between Bligh and his men. This is followed by a very full account of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797, "the most awful crisis that these kingdoms ever saw," and the one which paved the way to better conditions in all His Majesty's ships. This is an excellent book for holiday reading.

G. E. MANWARING

A MAGNIFICENT NOVEL

Days of Hope. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Great War produced no great novel. What a strange find those war books will be to some future generation, the truthful ones dull as cenotaphs, the thrillers hurried and melodramatic like an old film. It looks as though, aesthetically, 1914–18 will be one of the great blanks of history. Already we have ceased to speak of the *Great* War, appalled by the prospect of greater wars that are coming. We no longer say, "Those tremendous events are still too near; wait, one day a Tolstoy will be born to describe them." We look back on the war years as a dead loss, a time of negative suffering and nervous breakdown from which there is no more to be learnt. The novelist of that war, if ever one appears, will be, not a Tolstoy, but a Flaubert, who will write with cold disdain.

The first thing that will strike readers of *Days of Hope*, M. Malraux's novel of the Spanish war, is that it is different from all the war books. It deals with events which are still working themselves out; and it is passionate, detached and convinced. Because M. Malraux has no complex of suffering, no misgivings about himself or his subject, he can describe war with absolute artistic integrity. The sustained detail of his book is masterly. Open it at any page and you will find some incident or fragment of conversation which seems the essence of war. During an air raid a cat watches the stampede of people across the street; a butcher serving a queue is hit by a shell and his blood drips down the carcases of meat round his shop. Such tableaux, with their air of grim practical jokes, are observed by Malraux with exact and one might almost say lyrical attention. They astonish and convince at the same time, so that the reader is made to exclaim, "*This* is what it feels like to bomb and be bombed, to advance across a square covered by machine-guns, to face a firing squad in a ditch—this, and I thought it would be quite different." The descriptions of air fighting, in particular, are superb. How often, walking back through a peaceful London at night, one has felt ominously the sentience of the searchlights; they search hesitatingly at the sky for a plane which eludes them; as one watches, the scene is brought physically close, as though in the palm of one's hand, and one casts round for words to describe the sensation. Malraux gets this play of searchlights and aeroplane in a phrase—"like using thin wands to catch a fly." His imagery is always as exact and suggestive as that. As a piece of descriptive writing, *Days of Hope* hits each nail on the head, through the whole of its 500 pages. There may be better descriptions outside *War and Peace*, but if there are I have not read them. It is difficult to know what passage to quote from a book so undeviatingly brilliant and actual. The dynamiters facing a floodlit Alcazar, the exodus from Malaga, the clock-tower view of Madrid during an air raid? Perhaps this account of an old Government aeroplane bombing the Talavera gasworks will give an idea of Malraux's method:

> . . . the engine was knocking. Talavera showed up on the horizon, magnified by its isolation amid the darkness. Level with the hills, its lights merged with the stars; they seemed to be coming forward to meet the plane. The stutter of the engine invested the town with an ominous reality. Amid the normal lights of a provincial town and sudden lurid gleams that betokened military activity, the black patch indicating the darkened gasworks had something of the tense repose of a sleeping wild animal. Now the plane was flying over a tarred road, the wet surface of which reflected the light of the gas street-lamps after the recent rain. The mass of lights expanded steadily as the plane approached Talavera, and suddenly Attignies saw them from both windows at once as the old machine dived, like stars round a climbing plane.
>
> He opened the improvised trap-door: the cold night air rushed up into the cabin. On his knees up above the town, he waited, his field of vision limited by the bombsight like a horse in blinkers. Heading straight for the square black mass of the gasometer, his ears pricked up, Leclerc [pilot] was bearing down upon the skeleton of light that was Talavera.
>
> He swept over the black patch and turned round in fury upon Attignies, of whom he could see nothing except his fair hair, gleaming faintly in the half-light inside the machine.
>
> "What the 'ell are you playing at?"
>
> "Shut your damned mouth!"
>
> Leclerc tilted the plane sideways; still under the influence of the speed of the plane, the falling bombs were accompanying them, a little below them and a little way behind, shining like fish in the moonlight. As pigeons veering in the air narrow into thin silhouettes, the bombs suddenly faded from their sight; their fall was becoming vertical. Close beside the gasometer a row of red explosions sprang into view.
>
> "Missed."

Malraux, it will be remembered, was commander of the International Air Force in Spain, but all the other phases of the war are described with equal actuality. The physical impact of *Days of Hope* is terrific.

The novel has little plot. The war grows up, that is all. (We are shown the first eight months.) Yet few books have a more tense continuity. This is due partly to the quality of the writing, partly also to the fact that Malraux sets out to give a complete picture of Government Spain, that his book is contemporary history in its most thrilling form. (Carlyle's method in his *French Revolution*, but used here realistically instead of heroically.) It is not so much a story as a novel of scenes and people. The different elements of the Government side—peasants, Communists, anarchists, army officers, foreign exiles, students, artists, intellectuals, shopkeepers—are vividly depicted. Their conversations reveal the gradual change of outlook which took place in those eight months, the change from revolutionary romanticism to warlike realism, the transformation of individual defenders into an army. But all this is shown concretely, in individual lives and deaths, in talk flung out like the following:

> "The Communists, you see, *want to get things done*. Whereas you and the anarchists, for different reasons, want to *be* something. That's the tragedy of a revolution like this one."

The speaker, a Communist leader, stands pipe in mouth staring at the Alcazar. None of Malraux's characters are puppets, not even on the Insurgent side. He is far too good a novelist to repeat the mistake of the Russian films, in which propaganda is allowed to falsify human character. And yet it is with the Russian films—*The Last Night*, for example—rather than anything in literature that one compares his book. It has their massiveness and attack. Let me add that *Days of Hope* has bowled me over as few other novels have for years. What I shall be thinking of it in 1950 I don't know, but at the moment I should say it is a masterpiece.

G. W. STONIER

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(ranging from the Pilgrimage to Gonganebarra to Armistice Day, "celebrated in the North and by some sections of the community in Eire") and even by some pages on the Irish language (but, perhaps, lest this item should give pause to the intending visitor, it is explained on a later page by the Irish Tourist Association that "the people understand English everywhere") As to the 170 or so descriptive pages, they are a miracle of compact and varied information; within the limits set the details and arrangement approach perfection. Eleven tours are set forth; and one might almost say that with Mr. Piehler as guide through their course, not a single sight of interest, architectural, historical, literary or scenic, in Ireland has failed to have had given to it an appropriate sentence or two; moreover, one is brought into parts of Ireland, such as the central counties and the limestone plain of Galway-Clare, which are passed over in the ordinary guide books, because of their lack of obviously picturesque features. In whatever other guide book will the motorist to Connemara learn where he should turn off the road to look at W. B. Yeats's Castle of Ballylea, or be told that it is worth stopping at Portarlington to see the Georgian houses of the old Huguenot settlers? Special mention should be made of Mr. Piehler's notes on architecture, ancient and modern, for they have an evident note of authority. He has also found occasion to quote from various Irish writers as he takes us along, and it is a tribute to the comprehensiveness of his work that, at Clonmacnoise, one should notice with surprise the absence of any reference to a poem (T. W. Rolleston's beautiful *The Dead at Clonmacnoise*) which is to be found in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

Walt Whitman's Pose. By ESTHER SHEPHARD. *Harrap.* 15s.

The mass of books about Walt Whitman continues to increase apace. Chief publicist of all his own faults and virtues, he has been subjected to the microscope, the magnifying glass and the X-rays of modern investigation. The whole question usually begins and ends in the critic's own temperamental attitude to the "good grey poet." Both reactions can be shown by the same person at different phases of his or her development. Witness Swinburne's early enthusiasm and later dislike of the American poet. Edgar Lee Masters recently debunked Mark Twain's respectability. Walt Whitman threw respectability to the winds and it is more difficult to debunk his alarming candour. One must continually change the grounds of quarrel. When Walt Whitman boasted of his illegitimate children we must see in this an astute way of concealing his supposed homosexuality. When he is most candid we must suspect that he is concealing a secret in the best possible way.

At an early and impressionable age the self-educated poet was fired by that great popular novelist, George Sand. The new century, with its admixture of the Rousseau gospel, the coming Socialism and the last excitements of the romantic revolt, were all expressed in easily digestible form in the pages of that indefatigable writer. *Consuelo* remained one of Whitman's favourite books, and he frequently praised it, but he kept dark its sequel, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*. Miss Shephard has discovered that Whitman borrowed phrases from the latter book and in his *Leaves of Grass* was inspired by a few passages in the book. This is distinctly of interest, though Miss Shephard appears to attach undue importance to it. A brief essay rather than a book of almost five hundred pages would have been sufficient for the few items and the single classical allusion produced by her. Unduly excited, however, by this minor adventure in Whitmaniana, Miss Shephard endeavours to prove that the wandering dithyrambic poet in George Sand's novel gave Whitman his own famous pose and transformed a petty editor into the great figure which we know as Whitman. Miss Shephard appears to be convinced that Whitman spent most of his life and his old age in concealing this dreadful secret of his prototype. Her idea of literary parallelisms may be gathered from the following sample. Here is George Sand: "I think my withered heart will spring up again, as the frozen grass at the return of the sun, and that, from the midst of its infinite transformations, my spirit will enter into immediate communication with thine!" Here is Whitman's plagiarism:

> I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love
> If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

Lack of critical appreciation and literary values could scarcely go farther.

Week-end Competitions

No. 444

Set by Desmond Shawe-Taylor

It was suggested by a reviewer last week that two writers of the last fifty years might have been capable of translating the New Testament: George Moore and D. H. Lawrence. A first prize of Two Guineas and a second of Half a Guinea are offered for a passage of not more than 300 words supposed to occur in either version; reference to book, chapter and verse should be given.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 16th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 442

Set by John Mair

Every age has produced translations of the Classics to suit contemporary taste, and syncopated the famous dead to attune with the Spirit of the Age. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best presentation of the Classics in modern dress. It is suggested (but not enjoined) that Messrs. Hemingway or Auden might catch Homer's heroic narrative, while Mr. Eliot should be good on Horace (especially the latter's lament for his baldness). Suetonius might suit the columnists of News Review, and Ovid's Metamorphoses be just the thing for Dylan Thomas. And who could render Aesop better than Damon Runyon? It should be remembered that the zeitgeist is above mere pedantic accuracy. Entries may be in prose or verse, and should not exceed 250 words.

Report by John Mair

The entries for this competition were abundant and of high standard, if showing a certain lack of imagination. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers, it appears, have a curiously limited literary taste; over 80 per cent. of the entrants attempted Eliot's Horace or Runyon's Aesop. Of the few eccentrics, the most imaginative was John Dunbar, who discovered Charles Morgan's surprising aptness in translating Saga:

> As Sigurd Harelip roared and bit his shield, it seemed not his own shield that he bit, and someone else that roared. His axe swung, limbs flew. His successes he did not pause to observe, failure was marked by no word. In his face was neither satisfaction nor amusement, only the composure of a fierce ritual that was not just a game. Long after the battle was over, he went on hewing the corpses, his face brilliant with suffering. . . .

Connoisseurs of *The Fountain* will probably notice that scarcely a word has been altered. Alan R. Thomas began his Hickey's Homer amusingly:

> Fallen at last is Troy, says reliable insurgent report; government denial expected any moment. Wonder hero is bearded, multipotent, marine-minded six-footer, *Odysseus* alias Ulysses: King of Ithaca, crafty, patient.

But unfortunately he tailed off towards the end. Several of the Eliot Horaces had good lines; one can hardly fail to admire A. P-R.'s rendering of "Exegi monumentum *aere* perennius" as "This monument outstays the five-per cents." After some thought I suggest the first prize be divided between Edex for an excellent rendering of Horace XI. I. in the style of Yeats, and Denny for a quite superb Runyon. The second prize must go to L. W. Bailey for another Runyon; he lost his chance of major honours by being too creative and leaving out the Moral.

FIRST PRIZE

MR. YEATS BUTTRESSES HIS TOWER WITH THE HORATIAN WISDOM FINDING MATERIAL IN THE ELEVENTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK

> . . . to calm my fanatic heart
> And lest that gentle mind of hers take harm,
> I'll go for wisdom to the Sabine farm.
>
> "Only a fool will seek to know his end
> Or think that muttering astrologers
> Can tell from pothooks if the three intend
> A long day's weaving or the sudden shears
> And why should you whom all of us commend
> For loveliness care a thraneen for fears?
> But take what comes and reckon it the best
> Your beauty making God's decrees a jest.
>
> "What if that beauty for which boys despair
> Must know the long ignominy of age
> Or neither of us live to hear the stair
> Creak in the tower at the next winter's rage?
> True wisdom's got from wine that chases care
> And hope that's winged is better in a cage
> Then strip the passing minute of its flower
> And call them dolts who trust the coming hour."
>
> I'll take that Roman wisdom for my own
> And bid Plotinus and his crew go pack. . . . EDEX

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The First Term in the Faculty of Laws will begin on MONDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1938.
Day and Evening Courses will be held at University College, King's College, and the London School of Economics. The Faculty of Laws has been recognised as a "Law School" under the Solicitors Act, 1932. The hand-book containing a list of Professors and Teachers, particulars of arrangements for admission, Scholarships and Prizes, Courses, etc., may be obtained on application to the Secretary of University College, or of King's College, or of the London School of Economics.

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APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

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The Delegacy invite applications for the POST of full-time HEAD of the EVENING DEPARTMENT of ADULT EDUCATION. Salary scale £480–£25–£630. The appointment will take effect as soon as can be conveniently arranged.
Application forms and further particulars from the WARDEN, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed application forms should be returned by September 20th.

THOROUGHLY competent Pianist for Jooss Leeder School of Dance at Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon, preferably with experience in improvising. Unmarried. Occasional opportunities of collaboration with Music Theatre Studio. Application to the Manager.

WANTED. Educated and cultured GERMAN or AUSTRIAN resident mother's help, intelligent and lively boy of 5. Some housework. References and trial period essential. German spoken. No Nazis. MRS. CHRISTIAN DARNTON, 17 Brunswick Gardens, W.8.

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AUSTRIAN refugee, partly Jewish, Protestant, aged 39, single, now in Italy on temporary permit, faced, if he is returned by the authorities, with lingering death. Electrical engineer, specialist in measuring and surgical apparatus, 10 years in last position. Would go as handyman or coach boys in Maths., Geometry, Physics, German, French, Italian, and Technical subjects. Fond of children. Box 2778.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

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(*b*) *Two Grade "A" Assistants* (*one male and one female*).
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Candidates must be not less than 16 years of age, and have passed the matriculation or an equivalent examination.
Each appointment will be subject to (i) satisfactory service during a probationary period of three months; (ii) the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and (iii) the successful applicant passing a medical examination by the Council's doctor.
Forms of application, giving further particulars of the appointments, may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed *foolscap* envelope, and must be returned not later than *October 3rd*, 1938.
Candidates must specify the particular post for which they wish to apply.
St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, London, N.W.1. A. POWELL COKE, Town Clerk.

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LADY, M.A. (St. Andrews), expert shorthand typist, bookkeeper, very fond animals, open air, wishes secretarial post, assist kennels, stables, garden. Apply Box 2762.

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MAN, 29, provincial, 14 years office experience, seeks more congenial employment. Interested politics, research, sport, literature, drama: radio and journalistic experience. Drives car, healthy, free, capable. Any offers? Box 2764.

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AESOP'S FABLE OF THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL
after DAMON RUNYON

Now the doll I am telling you about is the daughter of Drinks Diogenes, a small-time operator who brews his own toddy on a farm down in Greece, and peddles it to many citizens in Athens and other places. Well one day this doll, who is easy on the eye at that, is driving a flivver to the railhead with a cargo of rye or maybe scotch from her dad's still, when she gets to thinking, as even dolls will, and what does she think but something of this sort: "Why, the beverages in this flivver will fetch a great many bobs from the rum-pots on the Parthenon side, and with this dough we can maybe hire a gorilla or two, and dad can muscle in on bigger territory. Then when he is handling the C-notes and grands he can get the old hold on some of those whiskered senators, and go in for importing, and be the biggest puller on the Aegean seaboard. And all the young guys around will get to taking peeks at me, and taking me rides in their automobiles, and getting a high blood-pressure. But I will give them the old oil, and maybe a sock or two on the kisser." Then what does this featherhead do but take her hands off the steerer, so that the old can just naturally dives for the ditch and lands spang on her uppers, with Drinks Diogenes' rye and scotch leaking from every joint.

It is considered very unlucky by one and all to count your potatoes before you have the hooks on them. DENNY

SECOND PRIZE
THE FABLE OF THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE
Retold by DAMON RUNYON

It happens I am around Joe's place and how I come to be around Joe's place is this way. There is a guy called Harry the Hare known to all and sundry as the fastest runner on Broadway on account of how he has done nothing but run from the cops since he was a kid in short pants. Now Harry the Hare is to race three times round the block against a guy called Tommy the Tortoise. So Joe's place is filled with guys and dolls anxious to place money on Harry, and maybe it is good business for Joe, and maybe it isn't as nobody who is wise to Joe's whisky will have any part of it, and most of Broadway is wise to Joe's whisky these days. Harry the Hare is drinking lime juice for training, but I get straight to the bar and slip a century on Tommy at twenty to one. Well, Harry gets away to a flying start, but in the second lap he gives a little moan and drops to the ground, and before the guys with money at stake can help him up Tommy has won. Upon which there is much argument, many citizens announcing their intention of laying into Harry the Hare more than somewhat for having sold them the old phonus bolonus. Personally I collect the two thousand smackers owing to me and disappear, saying nothing of how I have doped Harry's lime juice with Joe's whisky before the race. L. W. BAILEY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 297.—THE PIETAS CODE

"My old schoolmaster, Dunderhead," said Juggins, "was great on codes and ciphers. As a tribute to his memory, I've evolved a simple code. That's one reason why I call it the 'Pietas.'"

"How does it work?" I asked.

"I'll give you an example of it. Here's a Pietas message."

He handed me a slip of paper. "Don't forget this," he added, "You ignore the sixth letter throughout."

This was the message:

D I T N R	S S O H E
S D T N E	A U E H D
M R T A A	E E T D R

Can you decode it?

PROBLEM 295.—THE NUMBER CHASE
Solution by F. A. Adams

Answer: Miss Kewbrute's number was 924.

Method: The first digit is not 1, since it is not a factor of the number, which must therefore lie between 200 and 999. The factors must therefore lie between 1×200 and 31×32.

At first I thought the solution would be the lowest common multiple of as many of the prime numbers as could be got in up to 31. (e.g. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11), but it is obvious that this does not give sufficient factors and that the type of number required is rather of the order: $1\times2\times2\times2\times2$ (etc.) $\times3$, etc., in order to give as many factors as possible lying below 31.

It was clear that 5 and 9 must be excluded since in any number divisible by 5 or 9 the sum of the digits is a factor and I decided that the number must lie in the range: $1\times2\times2\ldots\times3\times7$ (or possibly 11).

I therefore wrote down twelve possible factors for the three variations of this theme:

(*a*) with 7 and 11:
$1\times2\times2\times3\times7\times11 = 924$, and factors:

1	2	3	4	6	7	11	12	14	21	22	28
924	462	308	231	154	132	84	77	66	44	42	33

(*b*) with 7 only ($1\times2\times2\times2\times2\times3\times7 = 672$).

(*c*) with 11 only ($1\times2\times2\times2\times2\times3\times11 = 528$), neither of which fills the conditions.

PROBLEM 294.—THE SIMIAN LEAGUE

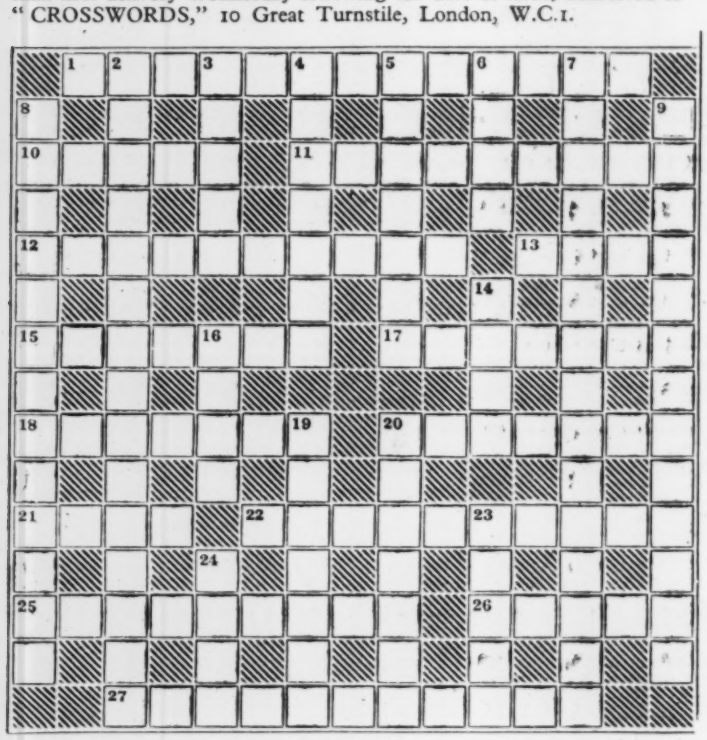
A set of Low's cartoons goes to H. E. G. Emmett, 22 Cambridge Gardens, Folkestone.

Five points are awarded. CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 444

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Cox, Conduit Head, Madingley Road, Cambridge

ACROSS

1. The first bid at Auction? (13)
10. A trade product. (5)
11. Those who sat on this one would get ditched whichever way they jumped. (9)
12. Patient who needs a few stitches perhaps. (10)
13. A healthy water supply. (4)
15 (rev.). Request to determine spirit dilution. (7)
17. ARP receptacle for incendiary bomb. (7)
18. Indicates the end of one's allotted span. (7)
20. Designed to give trespassers a foothold. (7)
21. Traditional charity to Belisarius. (4)
22. Opposite of a nightcap. (10)
25. Gets paid by the year. (9)
26. Was this the salute of the Karimata to the Lutine gold? (5)
27. Menu at the Jockey Club Dinner? (11)

DOWN

2. You don't jockey round this in 8. (15)
3. See 7. (5)
4. Cast of the recent production at the Duke of York's. (7)
5. Appropriately enough begins in the beginning. (7)
6. Its anagram was in London in 1666. (4)
7. Those who told these stories did ride all, but not by way of 3 water. (15)
8. Provides big racial sport. (13)
9. Racy process in a china shop. (13)
14. Soon to be little unknown. (4)
16. Why a donkey in Australia? (4)
19. Dull version of first class crops. (7)
20. Spirit of the Red Indian. (7)
23. "They haven't got no ——,
The fallen sons of Eve." (5)
24. A bit of jazz in Cuba. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

U	N	S	C	R	E	W	E	D	■	I	S	S	U	E
P	■	H	■	E	■	I	■	U	■	N	■	T	■	X
P	R	O	P	E	L	L	E	R	■	U	N	I	A	T
E	■	O	■	K	■	D	■	E	■	N	■	N	■	R
R	A	T	E	S	■	S	U	R	C	I	N	G	L	E
■	■	I	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	F	■	I	■	M
B	A	N	D	S	T	A	N	D	■	O	U	N	C	E
E	■	G	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	R	■	G	■	L
R	I	P	E	N	■	E	A	S	Y	M	O	N	E	Y
N	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	H	■	■	■	E	■	■
H	O	R	S	E	S	H	O	W	■	M	A	T	C	H
A	■	T	■	L	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	T	■	I
R	A	I	S	E	■	E	N	T	A	N	G	L	E	D
D	■	E	■	S	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	E
T	A	S	K	S	■	S	U	R	P	R	I	S	E	S

Holiday Suggestions

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way (formerly Hart Street), W.C.1. Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

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THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT AND HOTEL at West Harnham.
Large Countrified Bedrooms, and specially good new bathrooms.
Candle-lit 13th-Century Refectory for Meals.
Riding School and good horses for hacking.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week.
Apply PROPRIETOR.

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DARTMOUTH, South Devon. Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management. French cooking. Comfortable. Tel. 144.

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ASHDOWN FOREST. Charming HOME for guests. 14 bedrooms, private bathrooms, good English cooking, home poultry and vegetables, central heating. 7 acres of beautiful garden with tennis, etc. Garage. THE CLOCK HOUSE, NUTLEY, SUSSEX. 'Phone: NUTLEY 96.

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SUSSEX, Wood's Mill, Henfield. 'Phone: 93. Charming house, grounds, cuisine, comfort, fishing, riding, car.

DELIGHTFUL holidays, week-ends, Sussex cottage, Veg. cooking. HILL, 65 High St., Three Bridges.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special cheap rates are available for "Holiday Suggestions" advertisements on this page—on application. Other rates and full particulars regarding Classified Advertisements will be found on page 393.